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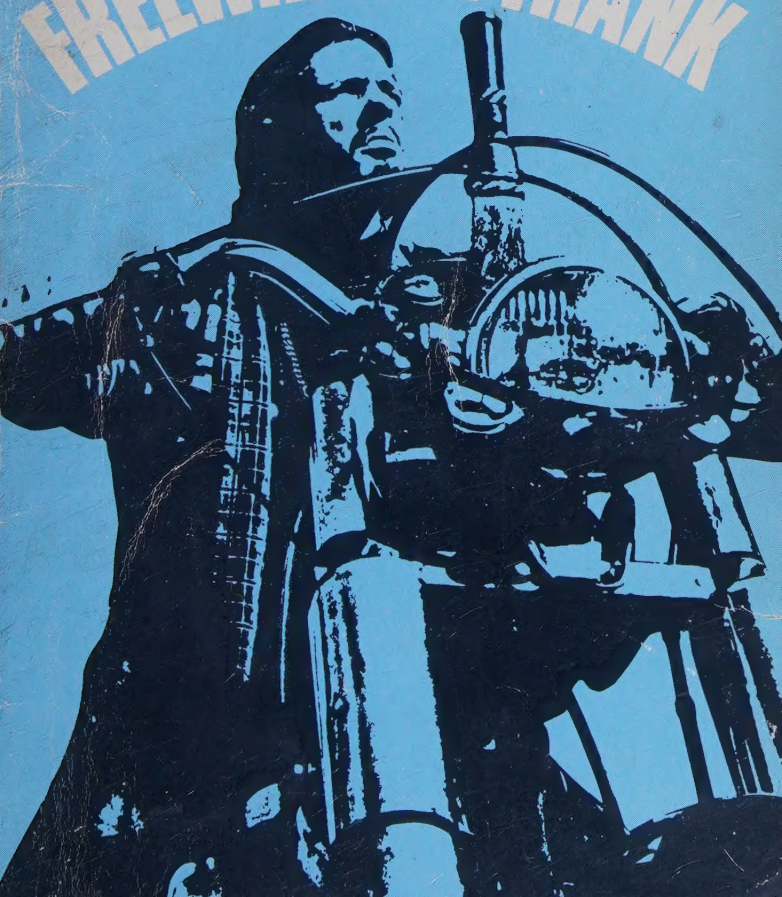
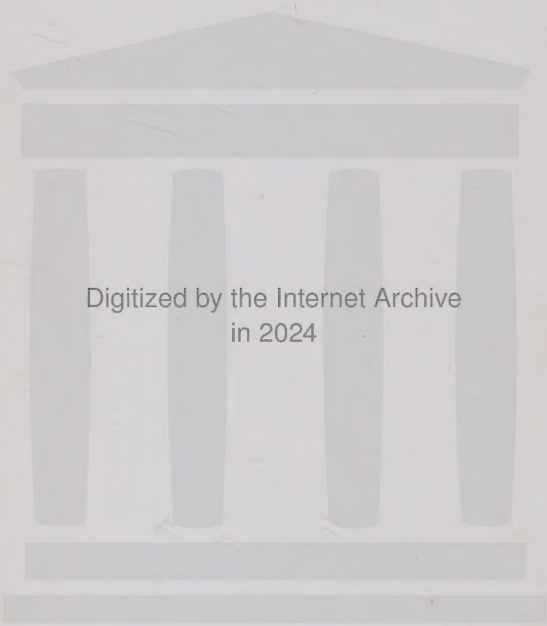
The true story of Hell's Angels by a Hell's Angel

by Frank Reynolds as told to Michael McClure

FREEWHEELIN FRANK

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Jan Marsh.

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Freewheelin Frank

Secretary of the Angels

As told to
MICHAEL McCLURE
by
FRANK REYNOLDS

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TIMES MIRROR

OUR SHIELD—THE WAY IT IS

The HELL'S ANGELS were formed by the HELL'S ANGELS; from their early days they have made their own ladder which they use to reach the top. Now that we are on top our banners are what's in the wind. And that is the way it is going to stay because death is already with us. When it comes to the peace marchers, Ken Kesey, Allen Ginsberg, and others, there is no connection of any kind of scene where we look up to them. If anyone looks up to the scene it is our scene—no matter what is said—this is what is inside of each Hell's Angel's mind. As we have said—all on one and one on all. Our scene is forever forever, this we know. We don't have to believe—we know.

—*March 3rd*, 1967
FREEWHEELIN FRANK

one

The first adventure I ever had was the first time I went on a run with the Hells Angels. I'm not putting you on, Michael, this is the way it was. I know this because the air, the ground, everything turned on better in my mind. We were making it down the highway, our destination Bass Lake, near Fresno, California. This was the Labor Day weekend of 61. There were six motorcycles in all from the Frisco Chapter. And I was on my Limey Triumph. I felt out-of-sight wonderful because I was riding with the Hell's Angels. They did not notice me, and then again, I was not neglected. And at the same time there was a wonder. —Now I can see that there was a gleam in their eyes from lookin at me, "Maybe *he* we can perfect." For I got that eye from many now. As we spun on and on down the highway stoppin at service stations, hotdog stands—HraaaGHH—belching bottles of wine, rolling in the wheat fields, and like really blowin the minds of anyone who passed by. It was a wonderful thing if anybody could only see it the right way. To me it was new, everything was new, but it was a dream comin true, for I, standing in my youth of 19, was ready to get on that dream. Though I knew not where it would lead, I'll be goddamned if I was not ready to go all the way!

At that time there was friction between the Hell's Angels chapters. Along the way we passed by the Oakland Chapter smoking a lot of grass at the side of the road. That day everything moved, moved in action. Heads of hatred spouted, "I AM HATE!" It seemed to be in my mind, too. We left the scene of Oakland standing about among tall lean choppers. Handlebars that went into the sky—it really did blow my mind. And then the thought of that time was knowin there were really going to be seven chapters of Hell's Angels at Bass Lake, and it DAMN SURE TURNED OUT TO BE GREAT!

Here it was Labor Day *and we were there*. Even I at that time did not say *We*. But I knew that it was meant to be. Now there was ruckuses, cursing, spitting, hugging, kissing,

drinking, vomiting, mauling, smelling, voices raised in deepest pitched anger like a performance of a cloak-and-dagger play. AHH, the old ladies, known as our women—each one who bears the name of an old lady belongs to just one Angel. Each Angel looked about, checking out any movement towards his old lady, and at the same time he might be thinking of getting in line for one of those magnificent mama turnouts. I made it up the hill with two of Satan's Slaves, who were very close to us, who had a mama going. As I waited in line I found out that there would soon be many more turned out. She was double-good, double-good in soul value.

Faces of whiskers, and then every now and then a crunch, and the sound of a bunch showing how they could crunch any one of their members. Shortly after we arrived at the local bar all the regular patrons cleared out. The bartenders stood by to serve us. Not liking the band we started playing the jukebox and the band played along in time with the records.

Then, as was usual in that era, there was cops, lots of cops, cops that nobody wanted to see. Around the camp-fires the old-timers stood talking over the times that could never be forgot. AHHHHH, they were people, unimaginable, real down-to-earth scary. A cop slipped in a grease spot and hit the ground—where we wish they all were. Hahh, and maybe were going to be—the thought might go off and it might happen. Anyway, the cop swore as he hit the ground, and this Angel who looked as big as a barn said, "LET ME HELP YOU." With one arm he picked him up about the waist and turning about let him down on his feet. Wasn't that sweet? Somebody did say it's pretty neat. Then he walked away as though nothing but a sack of flour had been dropped in the roadway. The cop did not do a thing. He blew it. The cops never did a thing any time. If they had we'd have kicked the living shit out of em. It was just a normal day.

They let us stay through the night. In the morning as the sun came up half of us lay drunk all over the hillsides, and a few of us were still up from on bennies or whatever it might be. Then the cops came out with their machine guns —riot guns. There were dogs and cops all around us. I heard somebody say, "Look at the goddamned machine guns, They got three machine guns." And Johnny Angel, smelling of shit and raggedy beard, raised up and said, "I need me a machine gun . . ." And Sonny Barger said, "Aw, screw it, go back to sleep." But today all the Oakland Angels got BARs. I'm going to get me a Browning automatic rifle, too.

Then the Berdoo (San Bernardino) Chapter—what a crew! Raunchy Johnny, in a stovepipe hat and with a cane . . . This guy has a cane in his hand carved with snakes.

Yeah, his head looked like a bottle of ripple—he had been sleepin in the gutter *on purpose*. His old lady he made stay in it, while he walked about, looking for a mama. He used to brag how he liked to scarf pussy. I did see him do it once. He wasn't braggin, he was *running it down* the way it is. He thought I was a pretty good one at scarfin it too. I was going to get my red wings. He already had em.

He come up to see me one time. He come up to see everybody all of the time. Who knows what he was doin? I don't know what all he was doing. The guy was completely loose. Man, this guy, you can't imagine what he did with women, when it come to eatin pussy. When we talk about eating pussy we make it sound as dirty and vulgar as possible—to make someone barf. One time George took a turd and slapped it on Larry's chest—and it did make Larry barf all over George. Then Larry took the turd and slung it—makin the whole togetherness group go through the woodwork tryin to find doorways. Then we all made it to the bar.

One time Raunchy Johnny came to my place with a broad, a sixteen-year-old that could screw like a filly on Spanish fly. Man, she didn't need anything! He made it a habit to go out of the room and leave me alone with this broad. And then he'd come back in. And he'd come back in scrunching his teeth with a knife and stabbing it into the wall. Well, I fucked her. That's what the trip was—over, and over, and over.

And then I'd lay at night and watch them in our two-room pad. Do you realize I did this as everyday life?—goin to the unemployment office once a week. Weed and wine. During the daytime, they'd go downtown. He didn't have his bike with him. He said he walked all the way to Chinatown. Used to have these penknives that he stole, he said, and he had to, unless he stole the bread first. Everything was blank, nothin talked about, except when's the next booze party. He said just plain simple things. One time he said, "I think I'll go to the World's Fair up in Seattle." He worked at a carnival to get the money to go. When I think back, man, I'm inclined to blow that show. Anyway, I heard he made it to Seattle. This was about four years ago. The other day, Leela, Frank Sadalack's old lady (the ex-president of the Frisco Chapter, the real god of a leader who moved to Hawaii—I wish he was still here), she come to visit her relatives, but really came to be with us. She came to the meeting and told us of Raunchy Johnny turning up again. It's the first time I'd heard of him since I had heard that he'd blew his cap and gone to the nut house and was tryin to be pronounced insane forever. The way Leela run it down, he came to see Frank in his club colors on the island of Oahu and he blew the minds of all the natives when he

flashed his sixgun and his knife. She's telling all of us at the meeting how he comes to see Frank, he's picking his teeth. Let me quote her: "He come into town," she says, "man, he was really out of sight—he was blowin the minds of everybody because, to top it all off, there'd just been a murder somewhere around the town and it was the first crime there in fourteen years."

People come up to me and ask me why I wear a swastika and why all of us have these German medals and other items from the Hitler regime. For instance, one time I and about ten other brother Hell's Angels went down South to see a corporation lawyer who had big plans about making him get rich. Later we grabbed a bite to eat at a snack bar on Sunset Strip, and as we were paying our checks, a man walked up to us. I heard someone say, "Excuse me." I turned around and a man was standin there with very curious eyes. He said, "Why do you wear swastikas?" Brother Ernie, of Daly City, turned around also, and we both looked him up and down to see what frame of mind he was in. I decided to give him as even an answer as I could of the understanding I had at the time as to why I wore a swastika. I said, "We feel that we are a superior race. The swastika signifies a superior race. We feel we are a superior race."

"Which means everything and nothing at all," is what Ernie said.

I added. "We feel that we are a superior race—it helps us generate togetherness."

The man didn't ask about Adolf Hitler. He only asked, "Why do you wear swastikas?"

As for Adolf Hitler, he was a great man but a failure to all other men, because he stood alone as a king and when he fell, all fell. We do not stand looking up to one king—we are all kings. If ten fall the game will still go on. Anyone who wants to see another Adolf Hitler is definitely on a bummer; if everyone could be Adolf Hitler it would be "all over now, Baby Blue."

Adolf Hitler was a person who started off on his own as far as I'm concerned and was persecuted and fucked with until he wanted to do the right thing; his mind was twisted into a frame of his own rather than worn off of an assembly line. If I read about him, which I have never read anything, I would probably get on some kind of sidetrip about something that's already come to an end. I would rather think to myself, lookin at Adolf Hitler as a failure, and thinkin of myself as picking up what good was in it, and leavin out the bad and goin on where he left off if it were to better mankind. This justifies the good.

The swastika. I have a German flag that hangs from the ceiling of an archlike window balcony. This creates a stimulating sight to anyone who might look at it when walking through my door or drivin by on the street or walking by on the sidewalk. Either way, they're going to think something. Really the only difference now is the German flag was red, white and black. And the American flag is red, white and blue. But who wants to get down on the ground without thinkin of pickin himself up. Sometimes I walk around and around back and forth in my room rapping loudly; if I had a microphone I'd cut the cord and talk louder into it. Uhhh . . . It's better to pick up that way.

One time Bob McCann, Andy and I drove down in Bob's Cadiliac to visit a brother Angel who was living in Santa Rosa. Upon the whitewashed wall next to the porch steps you will still be able to see, I'm sure, these words and the sketch of a chess game knight:

TOGETHER YOU ARE AS
HORSEMEN
LET YOURSELVES BE
KNIGHTS OF BROTHERHOOD
KILL FOR BROTHERHOOD.
ON (8/13/66) I SAW SEVEN FLAMING
STARS—MAY THE ANGEL OF DEATH
PASS HIS HAND ON ANYONE
WHO DOES NOT REVENGE
DEATH . . .

—HELL'S ANGELS
M.C.
A.F.F.L.

I was violently mad because of the stuff I heard during the trip about Lovely Larry's death that I hadn't heard before because I was in jail. Then, like before and even now, it is hard for any of us to discuss the death of our Lovely Larry. We usually end up turning away from each other to hide tears. Only in violent anger can we discuss it. After I finished writing my thoughts on the wall, the brother Angel from Santa Rosa and Andy and Bob walked around the house. I rose up and pointed to what I had written, saying, "If the landlord or whatever-the-trip-might-be with your house, and this has to be painted over, get ahold of me and I'll take care of it, because I am not asking." But I knew, after he had read it and the shiverin and the shakin that quickly went through him—it was as though he wrote it

there himself. He was a new Angel and I had not known him long, but I knew he was of our breed.

I would like to say right now what I know about the death of Lovely Larry and why the word *kill* means so much.

I heard and feel and know that at the time before his death the cops were giving Larry citations and all standing around his bike checking it and harassing him. For they only let one leave at a time from the camp site at Assafocko Lake. One member showed me a picture—the last picture taken of Larry—of the heat standin all around his bike. Another brother member said that one of the cops threatened to kill him. Then, approximately twenty minutes later, a few guys goin into town in a car saw the cops dragging Lovely Larry by the feet off the highway. He was dead. The chaos and confusion was in a complete uproar—it still hurts our minds to know.

I know damn well how Lovely Larry felt in his mind at being fucked with by the cops. I believe after leaving the camp site at Assafocko Lake he raced violently down the highway. The heat chased him, I KNOW. In his anger he tried to outrun em on a rainslick highway. The cops in hot pursuit didn't give a damn about running right over the top of him. And even in the newspaper article they stated: —A Hell's Angel was the victim of a hit-and-run accident on a rainslick highway somewhere near here (San Luis Obispo). There was no connection or arrest to the car which ran over him, unquote. The papers failed to state anything of an officer who made the report. Hahahaha. And, UHHH, if anyone had any knowledge at all of reality he'd know the hills were crawling with cops. They were behind every bush and tree. Huh! Not even an airplane could have flown through and got away. Especially after runnin over a Hell's Angel on a chopper.

Also, Lovely Larry has an uncle, a brother-in-law, or some relative who is a highway patrolman. The report was there were no files—no records. The records of the incident had been destroyed. But anyway, it was just a Hell's Angel, haha, that's why nobody's really got anything to say other than curse. I, myself, want to say to the whole, whole rat's nest that I'd give my death just to be turned loose in a pen with every one of them cops with the whole world watching.

On April ninth, the day of Larry's death. I was in jail, and eleven days later I had a speech written and ready to sound off, which had nothing really to do with the death except that I dedicated it to him. My mind dwelled on him. I couldn't find out nothin, anyway, because the newspaper was all I had to go by. The Hell's Angels had been hit hard,

and I felt this speech was all I could do for my part at the time. I gave the speech to the 96 men in this honor camp of the county jail in the woods of La Honda. It was tape-recorded, I found out, by the four deputies of the jail who were there.

The speech opens with this:

I dedicate this speech to my late brother Lovely Larry.
4/20/66

—I want to give you an understanding of myself and of my people. I am a Frisco Hell's Angel. Most of my brother members, I have observed, will not try to explain themselves to an outsider when asked questions. All members know why they follow the Angel code, and few will take the time to explain because most have difficulty explaining themselves in words. I will explain to you in detail about

OUR CODE
THE RUN
RED WINGS
OUR CHOPPERS
OUR INSIGNIA
FACING OUTSIDERS
AND MY SPEECH
EXPLAINING TO AN
OUTSIDER.

Then I took a deep breath and looked about the audience in front of me. Though I was in jail, I had my colors on, for permission had been given. A pulpit was in front of me. I gazed about the audience and this feeling swept through me as I remembered Lovely Larry: I knew I was going to lay it down in their minds the way I felt it.

OUR CODE—means the thirteen bylaws that govern each member. Disobeying the code can lead to a member's being expelled and having his colors forcibly confiscated, if necessary. There are no chapters outside the state of California which are recognized as Hell's Angels. Any group of people who start a chapter of the Hell's Angels without permission are subject to being descended upon and having their colors forcibly confiscated—northern California ruling as of two years ago. The South is not understood by the North at present. The South has a mind to go profit-making while the North believes in remaining a nonprofit organization—as far as being filed with the state is concerned. This is why I don't speak to the South. Yet they are Hell's Angels and we will agree and come together in time, I know.

The Hell's Angels are often characterized as "barbarian hordes," but for us our name symbolizes freedom among our own kind: such as our long hair and our insignia. We

want to be among our own people and live our own lives. I say this to explain why we would rather not mix with outsiders. We are not understood when we mix with outsiders, and it only leads to trouble. Yeah, it only leads to trouble with the heat—law enforcement officers. I should say. We do not follow any other organization because we do not understand any organization other than our own. I don't even know what "organization" really means, but I know what Hell's Angels are. I wonder if the heat do? They're lames either way. In jail now I know.

THE RUN—which means that all chapters of the Hell's Angels group together on their motorcycles and head for a designated spot on the map. The purpose of the run is to give each member a chance to show his class to his fellow Angel brothers.

OUR INSIGNIA—which means the club colors (the death's head), the numeral 13, swastikas, and the red wing patch among others. There is also the 666 worn by various members which signifies the mark of the beast. The Jap patch, the red rising sun, sometimes worn on the sleeve by some members, means a cuff in the mouth. One member explained it by reaching down and pointing to it and asking, "How about a Jap cuff?"—swinging his arm off and jabbing into the air.

There are three parts to the club colors. The top part is an arch in form and is called the top rocker. It has HELL'S ANGELS in red lettering on white. Then the death's head is in the middle above the bottom rocker. The death's head is a skull—a cracked skull—grinning with missing teeth and wearing a helmet, with wings protruding from the sides. Below the earlobe are the letters MC, which stand for Motorcycle Club. Then there is the bottom white rocker with the town the chapter is from in red lettering. These club colors are the only insignia a member is required to wear and they are uniformly worn on the back of the jacket. The other patches are known as loose patches and they can be worn anywhere on the jacket. Their interpretation is up to the member who wears them.

THE RED WING PATCH—most frequently asked about, this is a mere showing of class fun-trip to us. It usually takes place during a Hell's Angel run. You might hear a roaring voice call out: ALL RIGHT, WHO'S GOT CLASS ENOUGH TO EAT THE RED PUSSY OF THIS ANGEL MAMA? Angel mamas are nymphomaniacs who will do anything related to sex. The Angel mama at the time is menstruating, on her period, and real bloody. It is considered the nastier she is, the more class is showed by the member who goes down on her in front of everyone—at least six members—and how he goes about it, while everyone wit-

nesses. We front to no one outside of us on this trip. This is a trip of our own. Not every member has a red wing patch, and it sure is good to lay it on a brother who does not have one. Sometimes a member has been known to barf when bein hassled to do this.

THE CHOPPER—a chopper means a Harley-Davidson motorcycle that has been stripped of extra accessories, including the fenders and tanks, which leaves only the frame and engine. Then these are replaced with small fenders and one tank—along with straight pipes as the main changes. This leaves the motorcycle looking like a lean and furious monster. It's our creation, of our breed of horse. We love them.

When approached by a curious outsider who seeks to learn the purpose and meaning of the Hell's Angels, I say, my name is Freewheelin, office is secretary, brother in the Chapter of Frisco, Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club. I can then go on to explain the reason for my long hair, the insignia that I wear upon my jacket, the earring in my left ear, my weird chopper, and further about the false statements which come from newspapers and some magazines and from the prophets of hate who speak with their tongues on fire against us.

Man, it's like this, among my people, our long hair really means something to us. When we go screamin down those back roads and highways in a pack of a hundred, with all that long hair flowin in the wind, man, like it generates togetherness, and pickup, that's somethin we really got. Oh, YEAHH, there's bad times. I don't like going to jail. I don't like seein my brothers and their old ladies layin all busted up on those back roads and highways, but when I heard a dyin brother once say, as he spit up a mouthful of blood, "Make it a good Angel funeral, brother," then silence, but not until then, did I know what the praise was in wearing the Hell's Angel death's head, or why I now write those sacred minutes in blood. And when I stood by watchin our women when they're givin birth to our bastards, but not until then, did I realize we're a breed of our own. When those babies took in their first breath and let out a wail I understood why we're going to be a legend.

two

The purpose of the Labor Day weekend trip, on September 3rd, 4th and 5th (1966), was to unite all the Hell's Angels, to show the brotherhood that had been polished up through-

out California. The northern clubs were all present. They included my Frisco Chapter, known for strong group-togetherness, the Oakland Chapter—known for leadership and not just Sonny Barger's—as he once said, "I am a mere spokesman for the Hell's Angels." Also there were the Nomad Chapter along with the Richmond Chapter and the most recent and new to the fold, and very strong in mind about what is happening, none other than the Daly City Chapter.

The Nomad Chapter is an offspring of the North Sacto Chapter. Their rocker originally read North Sacto or North Sacramento, but they were driven from Sacramento. There was a rape. It involved the Hell's Angels of the North Sacramento Chapter—they were the main ones to have the finger put on them. I do not know much about it because I was not there. Anyway, the way the rape took place could only have been along the lines of a mama turn-out, where some broad wanted to get screwed by everyone at first but actually during the tournament, or the orgy, cried, "LIKE LATER, GIVE ME A REST!"

On the other hand I was around to receive direct information on the shooting incident which took place in Sacramento. It had to do with a Negro, which the Nomads and I refer to as a nigger. The Nomads were in a bar, drinking in a normal atmosphere, and the nigger became double-drunk and was arguing with someone other than a Hell's Angel, like another nigger, and he hurled a bottle through the air, missing the man he had intended it for, and it just so happened that it hit the head of an old lady belonging to one of the brothers in the Nomad Chapter. In complete uproar, their minds went insane, insaner, and thus a fight started with the head-stomping of the nigger who threw the bottle. The Hell's Angels have the instincts of a real human togetherness hornets' nest. Anyway, the conclusion was the chase after the nigger, all the way to his house where he hid in fright with a loaded double-bad pistol. By this time the uprising had grown to such extremes of the kill attitude that approximately seven members approached the house armed also, ready to bring the nigger down where he belonged.

Had I been there, had anyone been there with a level mind who had not been in the original uprising of the fight, he could have controlled the group of angry blood-thirsty Angels which charged the house and as a result caught lead in various parts of their bodies. One was permanently disabled. And then there was the long drug-out trip of being put through the lay-your-head-between-the-blocks-of-wood-and-get-ready-for-torture for your bail is to be ten thousand dollars. Most of them were hot-blooded ready to put what they had on the line to prove themselves worthy of brother-

hood in the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club. Then the long drug-out trials for attempted murder, and at least five, holding to the test of pure faith in the Hell's Angels, which we may never ever see again, received ten years to life as a verdict. Justice—well—like some of the mud-paddy, patent fools will say, "Who are these dirty, filthy Hell's Angels?" Don't think we ain't got a few more concluding facts in our minds that need not be said after the state capitol rot-my-nostrils incident was over!

Ten to life! And the big toad goddamned blabbing nigger is still down there in that bar or somewhere else throwing bottles through the air. Maybe one of those botties will fly out the door one of these days, from his hand, and catch one of those senators, congressmen, or the governor, upside of his head. Then we'll see how fast action is taken along the lines of justice.

To get back to the Labor Day weekend: we had agreed to meet and leave Bob McCann's house in San Francisco and were together by ten o'clock in the morning of September 3rd and we headed towards the designated spot which was now announced as Squaw Rock—just north of Cloverdale, on the Russian River. Everyone was surprised to hear Squaw Rock named for it was a change in plans at the last minute. A week ahead of time the officers of the chapters made plans so that the heat would be setting up their television cameras and what not in the previously announced town of Jackson. And believe me, by the second day of the run we knew it did work for there were no heat near our grounds at Squaw Rock where we encamped for the night. There were no heat that night and almost all of the next day. We thought it was so good that we pulled our forces together and tried to outmaneuver them the second time before the special investigation squad had reached the town of Cloverdale that Sunday. We missed them by an hour. The head cop for investigation of the Hell's Angels did miss us completely on the second maneuver. He ended up in the town of Fort Bragg chasing after a group of Gypsy Jokers who had dared to put their colors on, even though it was the Labor Day weekend. By that time we were riding toward Richmond—but as the old story goes, the radio does outwit the traction of any cylinders. When we arrived at Richmond, at the bar designated and decided upon before we left Squaw Rock, all was double-good except for one minor incident with the cops.

Let me go back to when we arrived at the spot on the river we'd picked out beforehand. Pete and I arrived, along with Don with the big mouth full of teeth from Daly City;

as we pulled up to the spot on the river, man, like everywhere you could see we were in full colorfulness. Most everyone—members and brothers—by this time were wearing the California rocker in place of their old chapter rocker. (Wearing the California rocker is a trip of brotherhood-togetherness in our eyes, as well as a strategy that confuses and mixes up the bum-trippers—mainly the cops, who try to bring harm to us. The California rocker makes it harder for them to make positive identification. And when a fight starts among us, it's not now a rush to slug and bite and kick the shit out of whoever might be from another chapter. It does work! In a Hell's Angel like way, all the way around. Berdoo and Dago Chapters of the south don't think so, they really can't see it this way. Their eyes are too full of makin money is what the trouble is. They don't want to do anything that we want to do, that's the trip. They were the only two chapters not present of the seven.) There were present only righteous here-I-am, brother, lick my tongue, then let's go suck a pussy of the four mamas on hand at the time, and like turn em out with respect for an Angel mama. Then let em have a break to go into the river and douche out—which one of them was doing at the time we arrived. I could see it all the way from the highway to the river in which she stood—and the long lines which waited and hailed and screamed for more. "GO AHEAD ON!" "I wish YOU'D HURRY UP, IT'S MY TURN . . ." And all that kind of trip, man.

Man, like we really got some Angel mamas with soul. When Mama Judy (who I knew I wouldn't get to make because I had the clap) arrived, she screamed out: "HERE I AM, I CAME JUST TOO MAKE ALL MY BROTHERS!" And it did make those Angels who double-dig those sex orgies get the show on the road. Yeah, Judy, she's got natural-like long hair, big round blue eyes behind a pair of prescription glasses, a pale complexion, and a mouth that just reeks to enjoy sex. Everybody always says, "Judy, she can really give some good head." We really dig her above all. Many brothers got their red wings off of Mama Judy. —I for one was praised after getting my red wings and told that I should get a set of red wings with a baby in the same place in which the special shape is sewn, because she was on a miscarriage at the time. It was nothin sickening about it. It was Hell's Angel soul-togetherness—our trip!

Upon arriving at Squaw Rock I had taken a cap of acid, and now it was beginning to distort and buzz things around. There was a turn-off on the side of the highway—and a long road leading down to the river surrounded by hills. Before descending down the road, we had to pass through some large crushed boulders which had been placed to block the

road to the river bed by the highway builders. We had busted them out a week before with jackhammers. The Frisco Club had been on a chapter run, not knowin at this time that Squaw Rock would be decided upon for the all-out Hell's Angels California Labor Day weekend run, which was now takin place for the next three days, if we dug in and wanted to stay that long.

There was only one squad car this time—parked about fifty feet from us trying to observe what was goin on. It looked like a couple of deputy sheriffs who had planned to be out poaching or chasing sheep over the weekend. I never did get a close look at em. As soon as the sun started to go down they left. There were no cops whatsoever around after sundown that night, the first night.

Again as I gazed through the misty vision of my acid high, in the sloshed wine upon my chest, and laughed hoarsely and grotesquely, along with the others celebrating our arrival, and the charge of we're-together-again, then the song burst out which we all sing at the top of our lungs,

"WE ARE THE HELL'S ANGELS!
THE RIDERS OF THE NIGHT
WE'RE ORNERY SONS OF BITCHES
WE'D RATHER SCREW *AND* FIGHT
HAAAAAYYYY!!!"

We usually sing this while in a bar—our bar, or a strange bar—wherever it might be, when gathering together. Usually sung at the peak of drunkenness when gatherin together in a double-good fearless we-are-the-only-ones-on-earth frame of mind.

Then I gazed upon the river as it rolled over in ripples and smoothed out into swells and eddies, as it turned and rolled on towards who-the-hell-gives-a-damn—this part of it was ours! Then in great pride my mind swelled as I saw many of my brothers, their girlfriends and old ladies. They were standing or swimming in the river, lying on the banks, and running back and forth into the water, in the hot afternoon sun. Almost all were completely nude, and not one was looking at one another. I heard someone cry out from below, "Hey there Eves, it's the Garden of Eden . . ." What a double-good trip! I'll never forget it. I then started on foot down the trail of the steep embankment, which was quicker than the road. I couldn't wait to feel that sunshine in all naturalness and realism of everyone because they enjoyed it to the fullest extent. Just as I neared the edge of the river I heard another brother say, "How can you get more real? Than doin' what comes to mind, while lyin' smoking dope on the banks of the Russian River?" I looked around to see

who it was and yelled out, "HEY THERE *BROTHER* FRANK." It was Big Frank, president of the Nomad Chapter. I hadn't seen him in two weeks, it seemed like a year, I was so happy.

As I approached him and started rappin of how great I felt and also that I'd just taken a cap of acid, my head was swirling about. And the words from everyone and the sounds that I heard were not the same as if I had been straight. It was a cross between picking up with extra sensitive ears and at the same time wondering if it wasn't just paranoia that made me feel this way. Paranoia is misunderstanding distortion of everything in general, fear, and whatever one might call uncomfortable. I mean and know, for a fact, that all five senses are keened up while on LSD.

So I said to Frank, "Let's take a little walk and rap over what's happening. Not that I give a goddam but I feel as though everyone can hear what I'm saying and I don't want to make anyone paranoid."

He looked at me with the eyes of knowing exactly what I meant and rose to his feet.

We walked first across the sandbar and then on to the jagged rocks as we left the river. I remember the jagged rocks, because one bit deep into my heel, and I shouted out, "God damn the men who broke these rocks building the highway by this river! No wonder I'm mad—because I left my boots at home." Seems strange that I said these things then but acid makes the subconscious mind come out. "Goddam world, they force you to wear boots . . ." I remember I said that because I remembered painting a letter that was on the back of an album cover of Joan Baez, and in one part she stated, "Jesus, with young thousand-year-old eyes, I see no boots upon your feet." She was explaining the hardships and toils that are so oppressing to the minds of each individual in this era.

The thought quickly went away and we walked on. As we looked up in front of us, we saw Ralph "Sonny" Barger, president of the Oakland Chapter, lying on the ground with his old lady. He's an attractive sort of man in anyone's eyes, with wavy blond hair, thick but neatly trimmed, and round brown eyes of understanding. Near his Harley-Davidson CH motorcycle, he was lying on a blanket with his old lady Elsie. She was in all naturalness, as always, with dark eyes and a puglike nose. Very pretty in my eyes. Something had to be going for her in soul as well as body or she would not have been with Sonny so many years. Her hair, long and black, is chopped in bangs across her forehead, and she always looks at a person in a I'm-stoned-like way.

As we sighted them, the shock waves went through my

mind because of what we had said—not knowing that they were lyin' there in hearing distance. But a chick answered me tellin' me—"It doesn't really matter because you never said anything wrong." I explained to Frank about how sensitive my hearing was because of the acid. And I didn't want no one to hear us, fearin' they might misunderstand, and cause paranoia.

We both greeted Sonny sayin', "Hey, what's happening, Sonny? Double-good place we got here."

He said, "Yeah, we were just kind of layin' around down here lookin' up at the sunset. Look at the purpleness in the sky now after it has gone down over the mountains."

I turned around, having to look across the river and towards the sky to see over the mountains, and the beauty in the array of purples and violets burst into my mind as I could see what was left of life that day. I then heard someone say, "It'll be dark soon." Hearing this, the thought struck my mind quickly—*am I prepared for darkness?* Turning I flashed the thought as I spoke. And also sayin', "Man, that is some beauty, but I've forgot my sleepin' bag and my boots, what a bummer. I keep steppin' on sharp rocks, I've got a hole in my sandals."

As utter darkness came to close in, I felt as though the acid trip had been a bummer because of the burning sunlight that had burned into my eyes earlier. I had never taken acid before during the day when the sunlight was bright and hot. Then I looked up and before me was a large, fully developed, sturdy, built like a ship OAK TREE! The reason it flashed into my mind was because of the oak tree shown to me on the back of some poetry cards, which showed a lion's head, and at the bottom a common oak tree. And I remember the poet, when I asked, "What's with this on the back?" saying, "An oak tree." Because of the acid the thought of the oak tree flashed through my mind.

The large oak tree reminded me of an old Spanish galleon. Standing next to it was a small oak tree, right on the edge of the high embankment above the river. I walked underneath the small oak tree and started a thinking trip. There was a small branch hangin down, and I started rubbing my head on it as if I were a buck deer sharpening his antlers on the branches—that is the thought that came to my mind. I started to laugh, and a few of the large number standing around turned in curiosity wondering what I was doing. But it didn't matter, I didn't even think twice about it. I reached up with a hand and pulled some leaves off. I took them in my mouth and chewed them. At first the taste was not bitter. When it became bitter I spit them out. The leaves felt of dryness but the minute I started chewing them they dissolved into a juicy-like potency which became bitter. I felt the bold

independence of the wild forest of naturalness. I reached up and ripped more leaves from the branches with my mouth and chewed them to get the sweetness before the bitterness. Then I thought someone might think I'm flipping out. I glanced to my left where the large fully grown oak tree stood in all of its beauty. I was about to ascend up into the oak tree which had such huge branches they were like a stairway. I turned and said to someone, I can't remember who now, "An oak tree doesn't bend—it breaks . . ."

And they said, "No, an oak tree doesn't break—it bends."

When I thought about it I knew they were right—as far as quotation goes.

I then turned and descended upon the large oak tree in steps. It grew out from the embankment in such a way that one could walk right onto the forks of the huge trunk and ascend upward into the sky as though it were a huge staircase on a level. My balance is so much greater when I'm high on acid that when I got far out on the branches of the trunk, which hung over the embankment, the distance to the rocky bottom below didn't even bother me. I scrambled higher and higher up into the branches, which were HUGE. If anyone had said, come back down you might fall, I would have pretended not to hear. For I wanted to reach the topmost part of the branches in which one could lie or sit and observe the whole spot in which we were encamped. As I reached the top I could see everyone as they dressed in the evening shadows, getting ready to make camp for the night.

Some spoke of heading into the nearby town of Cloverdale to get a little something to eat—and maybe take in the bar, which the Frisco Chapter had run down to them as being a friendly bar towards Hell's Angels. As I clung onto the limbs in a reclining position, the thought rang through my head again of the Garden of Eden. And I, who was alone without an old lady, felt more and more like the serpent the way I've always heard and been told. I didn't mind it, because I was the only one who knew. My feelings were of kindness when it came to being a serpent—when the thoughts rang through my head of what a serpent was supposed to be—LURKING and conniving and preying on what might be below. I felt physically like a serpent because my arms hugged the huge branch I was layin on, and with all ease my legs also wrapped around extended branches. I felt very close to the limb. I started to feel hungry with nightfall comin on and I could hear Harley hogs as their engines were kicked over, makin ready to go get something to eat or drink or whatever.

As we rolled down the road and then roared along the highway toward Cloverdale, I and a Frisco brother, Jerry Ginti, the thoughts passed through my mind of the beauty

in the scenery and the smell of the air, of orchards, and grape vineyards that I had remembered when traveling from Garberville so many years ago on this same highway. That was when I was coming to San Francisco for the weekend after workin in a dusty, hot sawmill all week long. Five hundred miles a weekend I had rode on this highway to be with bikeriders, for I was young then. The misery and trouble was great in those years while riding on this road—but if it hadn't been for it, I would not be on this furious hog ripping into Cloverdale as a brother Hell's Angel tonight.

In the small town of Cloverdale, Jerry—curly hair, pale gray eyes with a rough complexion—and I roared up to the bar, surrounded by the furious lean choppers. We parked next to Tiny's iron, which is in the form of a chariot, a three-wheeler. Tiny is a huge Goliath in appearance and in mind but everyone has confidence in his words to the fullest extent; he's the sergeant-at-arms of the Oakland Chapter. Some may remember him as the one who flashed so colorfully in the pages of the newspapers after charging through the blockade of policemen and smashing the Stop-the-War-in-Viet-Nam picket marchers square in the mouth.

As we got off our bikes and entered the swinging doors of the bar, loud voices of cursing roared out with. "SCREW YOU, son of a bitch." I want to hear some sound." "Turn the music up!" "More wine!" And another colorful brother with long shaggy black hair and beard ROARED at his old lady standing in the middle of the floor, "STRAIGHTEN UP, OR I'LL THROW YOU RIGHT DOWN AN EAT YOUR BOX OUT RIGHT HERE!" Which was not unusual to hear in a bar in a strange town with townspeople milling about among us with scarecrow-like movements.

It had better be that way!—because of the sadistic minds of some of the members. For instance, at the Luau Bar in Oakland one time three men of Spanish tongue were talking to Frip, also Spanish and a member. He disagreed with something said and threw a right cross, which started an avalanche of angry Angels coming to his aid and kicking the shit out of the three men. Right or wrong we are right. After the uproar had settled down, and the members had gone back to normal cursing in a hatelike sound, the three men crawled and staggered towards the doorway. As usual, no one helped them, with their cut and dripping bodies and welted heads. We all look upon it as though father finally gave that child a spanking. If ever they turn into another bar of ours, they'll be a lot wiser or else they'll leave quickly.

"Little Red Riding Hood" was jammed on the jukebox in a throbbing-like sound and a yell went up as we entered

from those who noticed and were in high spirits. I yelled back.

Big Al, turning around, let out a loud belch that could be heard from one end of the bar to the other.

George Zahn, vice-president of the Frisco Chapter, with the face of Van Gogh the painter, with his original levis ready to fall off if they weren't stitched with thread to hold them together, rolled upon the bar floor with another member in total drunkenness. Other members mauled and fell into each other and cursed loudly as their long hair swung and sweat poured from their faces making streaks in the dust and grime of the long ride. It smelled of Hell's Angels on the scene. Freddy, from Oakland, with his chubby pot-belly and meaty-like hands, was stumbling about the floor like a blind bull.

Someone told me that he had just chased a citizen down the street, after hammering the citizen's brother-in-law in a three-second pulp, and was looking for the other one who had got away. When I asked *why*, Magoo, from Oakland, stammered and stuttered, "You know Freddy, it never really bloody matters . . . The guy probably asked him if he could buy him a drink." I overheard Tiny, in his huge bulk leaning against the bar, as he swallowed a beer in one gulp, say, "Man, there were these two cats that come up to us," meaning him and Zorro, I presume. "Man, these two cats come up to us and bought us a round of drinks and said, 'We'd like to hear your philosophy,' then Tiny said to them, 'Sure, we'll tell you our philosophy, just buy us another round of drinks'," understanding that he drinks them in one gulp. As he went on explaining, "Man, after they bought us about six rounds of drinks, one of them says, 'Now, I'd like to hear your philosophy'." Tiny said, quote, with a burp, "I just turned around towards them and looked down at them and said, *'SCREW IT!'*" After saying that I know in my mind that he waited, hopin they might say, or give some vibration that they had been offended, so he could smash them with one hand, seein that there were plenty of witnesses around. He's the best sergeant-at-arms in the whole Hell's Angels.

I remember one time when we were all gathered at someone's house in a rappin session. Everyone was sittin around talkin of what they liked and disliked. And Tiny sat over in the corner not sayin a word through the whole conversation, then he suddenly roared out with a baby-like wave of his bulky hands, "AWHHHH, SCREW IT! I DON'T LIKE NOTHIN! I DON'T LIKE NOBODY! SCREW EVERYTHING!" His voice was quick and could be misunderstood, but yet it was a voice that was starved for love of human beings. When he said this it was not to try to

join into the conversation for this was the last thing said—period. He don't sit and talk. They was afraid he was going to get mad and start knockin things. At the club meeting he sits and fines people a quarter for talkin out of turn—if they don't like it they know damn well they'll get their ears slapped. I've never heard of it having happened.

three

The .38 special on the table in front of me is very small in size and weight. It shoots a hundred-and-fifty-grain bullet. I don't know a damned thing about guns. But I know this gun will knock the hell out of a man like the *Bismarck* knocked the hell out of the *Hood,* though it was fifteen miles away. But who in the hell do you get in an argument with when the kill trip is on the table? I love this gun. It gives me confidence. When it comes to guns, like Lovely Larry would say, "It is my favorITE gun!" I've never had to shoot anybody with it. But you can goddam well bet when I do I'll be able to walk away not thinking twice why I did it. That's what I carry it for, in a nice comfortable shoulder holster that can be worn under a T-shirt and not even be noticed. I'm a small Hell's Angel compared to my brothers. My name originally was Little Frank, because of my size compared to the other Frank and to other Angels, to get right down to it. When I wear my gun and think about it, I feel as though it is a rendition of the sling in this era. In other words, when approaching any Goliath large or small—and there are so many of them around—I'm ready to make that Bible trip clear of how David brought down Goliath. Anybody care to doubt me? I run it down to my own members who are big and overgrown in a giant-like way, who use their muscle to pressure me and put me under their thumb, instead of using their minds. I ain't got no fear of death. If I did, I wouldn't have the death's head on my back. Some fool'll probably someday come charging up—even knowin that I feel this way—but he better have enough brains to get ahold of me before I get ahold of this small twentieth-century sling. For it carries five stones in it all the time.

I have a sap which is known as a police sap, made of leather, a nice firm handle. The end is packed with sand so as not to cut the skull when it hits. It's smooth brown leather. I could knock a person unconscious very easy

without putting full force behind it. The strength of the swing does not matter. That's why they give it to cops. Mainly to knock drunks that argue with them over the head. That is what it is most commonly used for by a policeman. But I, a Hell's Angel, carry it because I want to make sure it'll do the job, more than well, on anyone I meet and want to finish off quickly—like a cop. I very seldom ever hold it. I just let it hang from my shoulder holster strap on the opposite side of which the gun hangs. The only fear I have is that I'll lose it someday and I'll have to get another one and maybe have to do time behind it—go to jail for carrying a concealed weapon. I don't carry it with me all the time—only when I feel that I'm going to need it. When I have it with me—and the gun also—I maintain my cool much better, so's not to arouse any heat which might be around. I can feature myself knockin the hell out of someone who has nothin going for them except destruction in mind.

For instance, one time we got in a brawl with an overgrown, Goliath-like nigger, who challenged every one of us at the same time. It first started off like a comical fight between Terry the Tramp and this nigger that I mention—they both agreed upon a quarter bet that one could beat the other one. The nigger at the time held everyone in mind when it came to kickin the shit out of us, and soon after the fight started everyone was in it. All you could hear was the sound of boot leather slapping and whapping along with fists, and whatever might have been used. He fought very good, above the average fight where one person challenges one of us. He must have been on some type of an amphetamine drug the way he took the punches, but soon he was brought to the ground in a motionless heap, and everyone walked back to the bar and left him there to crawl away as best he could.

We have a rule known among all of us, not a written rule but just a standing rule in the minds of each and every Angel: *All on one, and one on all.* This must be in the mind of each Angel or else we'll turn on em and throw out any Angel who does not back us up. Which I've seen done.

One evening at one of our bars there were three sailors drinking at the peak of intoxication. One sailor of husky large bone structure and short black hair, regulation style for the Navy, would guzzle a drink of Burgermeister beer from his bottle and look around and shift his eyes around to see who was who and where, while his nearby ready-for-the-action-weather-beaten-skin partner, also in navy blues, would hoarsely laugh from time to time at who gives a fuck what. And next to him stood a silent third member of the party, who just sipped away at a tall mixed drink, as if waiting for the performance to start. The three of them

acted as if they were tryin to bring back the era of the old West when everyone wore a gun on their hips. I overheard the husky crewcut one say, "Who are these Hell's Angels, anyway?"

This jarred my mind. I was standin near brother Ray of Frisco, who we all call Howdeedoody because of his Southern drawl and where he comes from—the state of Oklahoma. Ray's mind was wanderin about, not settled on any one thing—like looking for a good-lookin broad which there wasn't one in the bar that could please him. Crossword puzzles he works a lot of times. For an Okie he can use very good language if he wants to use it, but he chooses to stay with what he was born and raised with.

As Ray turned about, passing in front of me, I spoke to him to get his attention on what I'd just heard. I said, "Hey, dig, pick up, Ray, this big overgrown sailor down here on the end of the bar with the other two just said, *'Who are these Hell's Angels, anyway?'* "

With that bein said, I could almost see the straight hair combed straight back on his head raise up. And he said, "WHAT?" And started directly for em—I know now he must have been in a bad mood. As he approached the large-bone-structured Goliath-like sailor, who had said this, Ray said, "WHAT DID YOU SAY ABOUT THE HELL'S ANGELS?" The huge, bulky sailor, in his peak of furious drunkenness, turned about squarely and with a slur in his voice said, "I said nothing but *who* are the Hell's Angels. I'm just curious!"

With that Ray's right cross landed on the jaw of the meaty sailor. As I started towards the fight, the one in the middle with weather-beaten skin flashed like a gunslinger as he came to his feet. At the same time I made a dive right on top of his head. A running dive. My arms went around his neck. As we started to go down to the floor I saw a big long beer bottle shatter in a splittin-like lightning effect across the head of the third sailor. As he slumped forward unconscious I knew it was all over for him. There were approximately seven Hell's Angels in the bar at the time.

I had all I could do to break away from the sailor on the ground to keep from bein kicked myself. For it was a sound like thunder and great waves hitting the beach as the boot leather stomped and kicked at the sailors, who were now upon the floor. They had come to see a performance which was to be the liveliest of their whole night out. Pools of blood were on the floor, although the kicking didn't last long. It couldn't of, or all three of them would have been dead. I got one kick in that I'll never forget. Someone had the meaty sailor by the ears and his face was being held directly above my right foot while someone was tryin to hit

it with his fist. I made like the champion on the Wheaties box and brought my foot back and in the full thrust my boot met his nose and mouth squarely as if I were kicking a football. He went into a slump as if he were dead and fell face first into a pool of his own blood. The blood was running from cuts about the face and a deep gash in the top of his head. It was probably caused by someone's large horseshoe cleated boot. A woman that was tending bar screamed out, "It's the United States Navy—ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MINDS?"

I heard someone scream back—"SCREW YOU, AND THE UNITED STATES NAVY!"

As a conclusion, the sailor who was struck across the head with the beer bottle, we learned later, came within two minutes of dying, had the ambulance not got there soon enough.

While we were at Lake Tahoe I had been on an acid trip in the snow. It had been beautiful, the snow, it had been the first time I had seen snow while bein high on LSD. I felt as though I were Jack Frost as I looked about the hills and valleys covered with blankets of snow. When I blew steam from my breath it rushed out in huge white clouds and made formations in the air. Everything was just so groovy it cannot be explained in words. I remember laughing and laughing so hard at everyone I looked at and everything I saw. We were, at the time the LSD hit me at its peak looking for a motel for the night. I was with the Frisco Chapter, and we were in our cars because of the heavy snows on the highway, and I remember driving from motel to motel because there was no vacancy. No wonder when they saw us! We were like a long caravan of autos. I was in a sportscar with my head coming through the roof practically. I was so wasted I was melting the snow when I looked at it. I looked back and I could see the rest of the cars as they left the motels after us—heading for another one. We finally found a motel—to this day I don't know how. I remember I would not get out of the car and go into one of the cabins as the other members and their old ladies did, because everything seemed just so damned ridiculous and funny that I couldn't make sense of anything. It was late by this time and everybody wanted to get some sleep, or whatever. I remember, as I went up, the LSD did get out of control. I began to worry. I pulled out my wallet to make sure I'd remember who I was. I found a pencil and wrote on the back of a paper sack my name and who I was: Hell's Angels, secretary of the Frisco Chapter, and the alphabet. I did this because I was in fear that I would lose my mind completely. I knew I could go to no one for help. Today

I'm really glad this happened: it is a great experience in life.

Finally I started to come down when I got out of the car. By this time the drifts of snow were high in banks against the door. I felt wonderful as I tromped and fell into the snow tryin to make my way towards the motel office, which adjoined a combination restaurant and bar. I tingled all over I felt so good. The most serious problem I had ever had in life no longer seemed to be a problem. It could no longer really be thought of as such. I went into the bar entrance. There were only two customers and the bartender, who was a tall, lean college-looking type of a man. His face had blemishes on it, and his eyes looked as though he had taken his first benny, for they seemed dilated and picking up everything. Their attention immediately turned to me. The one woman customer started to giggle because of the way I looked, and I laughed out loud. I was in my typical everyday dress of a Hell's Angel, with the exception that I had no Hell's Angels colors on. They were underneath my coat. We had agreed not to wear them on this trip, which we call "the ski trip." My long green scarf was draped around my neck, with one end slung over my shoulder, and the rest of my clothes were in their natural shagginess of basement values. But I was never so happy.

four

After the ski trip to Tahoe and after a day of sleep at home in Frisco, I woke in the evening. Everything was very still, as it always seems after and during LSD. We had a bar at this time which we all went to in the evenings. It was Charley's Geneva Club just across the county line in San Mateo. I decided to go there to see who was around and know what was happening. In Charley's Geneva Club there is a long bar and at the end of it a separate small cafe counter, and there's a pool table in the middle of the floor surrounded by tables and chairs. On the wall are large photos of the San Francisco Seals, the ice hockey team. For a normal Hell's Angel bar it's very clean and well kept.

As I entered the bar I noticed there were several Hell's Angels present, along with various customers old and new. I first saw Andy, a Frisco Hell's Angel, chewing on an unlit cigar that stuck out about a foot in front of him, as he swore

boisterously and slopped his Lucky Lager on the floor. "The bastards are going to try to draft me tomorrow!" He then caught sight of me as I entered and saw his huge giant-like stance, with the look of a reincarnation of a German officer here to make things right where they failed before; he shouted out, "HAYYYYY, LITTLE FRANK!"

I said, "What the hell was it I heard you say? About goin' to war in Viet Nam?" And the same time I laughed, and said, "They're sure to lose the war if they take you."

He said, "Every bastard is goin to lose if they take me tomorrow."

I said, "What's this all about, anyway?"

He said, "YEAHHH, I got a letter this morning when I woke up. What a bummer!"

I said, "You can't go in no lousy Army, you're already in one."

He said, "You're goddamn right, and I'm going to stay in it."

A game of pool was going on, other members stood around waiting for their turn, for revenge with the eight ball. After a couple of beers, and a shot of red wine, I became bored and I was tired so I decided to go home. Tomorrow night would be the meeting and I had to catch up on the minutes. I told Lovely Larry and George, "I got to split, I got minutes to catch up on."

Before leavin, I promised Andy I'd be with him at seven o'clock in the morning to meet the bus which is supposed to take him away to the Army and reassured him, "I know they'll never take you—they never have taken any of us when we went over to the draft board together and let em know who we was." His eyes looked as though they appreciated the confidence. I then turned and walked out the door, and swung my right leg over my chopper and kicked it over. And at the same time I noticed a black and white squad car wheel around the corner a block up the street.

In the back of my mind there was no fear as the squad car disappeared. So I roared out across the double yellow line, leaving Charley's Geneva Club behind, in the shifting roars as I went through my gears heading for the county line, San Francisco bound. The air was clean and breezy as it ripped around my ears. I felt it was airing out my mind after coming down from acid and Tahoe. The thought still flashes through my mind of how *Freewheelin* I really felt at that time. I had won some money also while we were on the ski trip. Everything was just one-hundred-percent groovy! As I leaned my head to the right, the sun was already down, and darkness was about. I glanced at Lovely Larry's house where his family lived and his young sister, who I had just met for the first time this night—in her

maiden-like value I left her behind at the bar. I remember laughing to myself as I thought of her, that it didn't really matter, for I'd pick her up on the next round and guard her with all values. She had hair of gold dust, with freckles sprayed in the right places upon her face and cheeks. Her mouth I knew would taste of honey. It was so good to dream of this as I rode on.

Then out of the blackness of the night there was a flash of red light, followed by the echoing sound of a siren, which roared into my ears like thunder. I'd just turned the throttle on to a full twist getting ready to hear my pipes back off when this uproaring sound blurted in at all angles. It had startled me so much that I just held onto the throttle wide-open. My bike felt as if it was lifting right off the ground for it was already in fourth gear, as I roared up the Geneva straight stretch crossing the county line of San Francisco. As I checked my rear-view mirror, all I could see was a red flashing ball of fire, along with a siren, which had to be a Daly City heat of San Mateo County: the one who had wheeled around the corner when I was mounting my bike. I knew in my mind he'd been laying for me. My iron horse in its thunder said: Let's get home and get those minutes done. We got no time to be signing tickets. There was a red light up above, as I came screamin into the inter-section. I geared down, tires burning, and I laid a beautiful right hand turn. Now on Moscow Street I was heading towards McLaren Park. The houses, all in their peaklike roofs—something one would see on the streets of a German village—flashed by. The roar of the siren echoed in my ears. The man was still on my tail. I started flipping lefts and rights and circling blocks but my calculations were wrong. At times the scream of his tires was keeping time with mine as we rounded the corners in hairpin style. What a magnificent driver this man must be at the wheel of this car! If I had given him more credit at the start I would have lost him by going into McLaren Park with its tiny dirt trails. But now it was like a crossword puzzle between he and I. My engine was winding hard in third gear. Dropping into second—back into third—the blocks weren't long enough to ever reach fourth. What a victory I would soon have—I was telling myself: a magnificent display of horsemanship in the era of Hell's Angels. As I crossed through Excelsior and it came to an end with the freeway crossing in front of me, the newness of its divided roads and merging on ramps confused my mind. I found myself going around and around the same block trying to find a way out. I started to become violently angry. After wheeling a corner and gaining a lead of half a block on the squad car, I jammed the brakes on and U-turned onto the sidewalk, with my lights out and my

engine still running as the squad car wheeled the corner. By the law of averages I had lost him this time. But it seemed as though he had a built-in radar in his mind . . . And along with it I heard screams of sirens in the not too far distance approaching the area which we were encoved in.

I knew then I had to make a break. I chose to cross the freeway over and overpass rather than go onto it. I knew I could outmaneuver the squad cars—but at high speed they would catch me. As I crossed over the overpass, the cars on the freeway beneath me whistled and screamed. My mind was in a complete turmoil. The taillights of the cars were like the flashing red lights on the squad cars.

Everything flashed red and screamed. I don't even want to talk about it. I could no longer calculate. Up above me I saw the flashing red lights of two squad cars as they whistled through an intersection in front of me. The district I was now entering was St. Mary's Park. BLAST IT! *All it has it dead-end streets!* I felt as though I were a wounded gladiator with a broken sword as I screamed through St. Mary's Park. At one time there was a loud screeching of brakes as two squad cars almost collided head-on in an intersection behind me. Everywhere I looked I saw squad cars. And I didn't know HOW IN THE HELL TO GET OUT OF ST. MARY'S PARK! The only thing that delayed the kill in the cops' favor was the small twisted area in which they had to drive their squad cars. But they knew it was over for me as well as I did. A solo police motorcycle was now on my heels. Gearing down, we were both gearing down to keep from getting off in the twisted corners. I had lost the cars when someone had double-parked in one of the main thoroughfares through St. Mary's Park. Thoroughfares are like cow trails there. Fate was against me. If there had not been a solo motorcycle cop at that time on the scene, I would have had the odds in my favor, for the person who had left the car double-parked in the street left only room enough for a motorcycle to pass through. This brought the squad cars to a screeching halt—one of them slamming into the rear of the parked car. At this time I could not remember where I was or what was happening to me. My bones ached from the strain of the long duel. And then I turned my last corner. In front of me was another dead-end street. In the pitch blackness of night, enlightened only by street lamps, which were very dim, as I came into the dead-end street, I knew it was over. My bike howled—it too was a complete overrun . . . miscalculated . . . chaos.

I knew I did not have the energy to come out of the dead-end street and try to go on through a victory in motion.

I heard the bike cop behind me swearing loudly. At the

same time a squad car burst up behind me as if he were trying to knock me down. To keep from getting hit I drove straight onto a lawn where the street lamp gave what little light there was. I could hear the cursing and swearing in a steady roar as I brought my iron to a halt.

I raised my right arm high into the air, trying to signal a surrender. I remember sayin, "You win! You win . . ." trying to show what gallant feeling was left, for it's hard when you lose. But the words barely got out as I was jerked by several different hooklike hands that groped—the kind that fear the simplest of beings, but live and thrive to kill a cripple. I was grabbed by the neck, the throat, the hand, the arm, the foot, as a half dozen of those blue-bellied bastards pawed and cursed for what they were tryin to present as revenge on someone for offending or breaking the law. I don't think these punks ever were in a street fight when they were kids. They were probably too chicken-shit to get away from thinking about someday being a cop. Anyway, there they were, at least a half dozen of them, slapping handcuffs, swinging their nightsticks, kicking with their boots of shiny leather, and howling as though they were in a real man-to-man battle. As I lay face down on the ground, one cop wrenched the handcuffs on with his foot in my back. My forehead caught a boot. I could hear snickers by now. These cats were probably the descendants of the ones who burned witches.

Several times I was picked up by the handcuffs and raised into the air and dropped face first onto the pavement. I could not protect my face because my hands were handcuffed behind me. I heard one cop say, "KILL THAT SON OF A BITCH!"

I kept wondering why I hadn't gone unconscious. It must have had to do with the acid, the LSD, because otherwise I should have gone unconscious when dropped onto the pavement face first. I remember all of the slams on the left side of my face. Each time I hit the pavement gushes of blood surged through my brain in a technicolor-like feeling. The pain was so intense and so great—it was pain I never had imagined before or ever heard described.

I was then lifted to my feet and shoved into the back seat of a squad car. As my head stopped swirling I saw people coming out of the houses. I saw a bike cop leaning over my bike as it lay on its side, where it had fallen when they jerked me from it before I could put the kickstand down. In the insanity of mind, I remember screaming when seeing my bike, "OHHHHHHHHHH, BIKE!" as if he too had been kicked and stomped as he lay on his side motionless.

People were standing around in a circle gawking at me and my bike as though we were animals in a zoo. My eyes

were swelling shut. I could not see too clearly, everything was blurry. But my mind started burning with hate as I saw the cops! Everywhere there were cops! Motorcycle cops! Blue uniforms! I knew that I wanted to kill each and every one of them, and then stand up before the world and say: *I did it! Each and every one of them! I did it. I killed them. Wife or no wife, baby or no baby, I killed the cops who were trying to kill me and bike!* This flashed through my mind in the purest and deepest and richest most real of hatred.

One of the blue uniforms approached the door of the squad car I was encased in. I was screaming in the inside —I knew I could not be heard. As the door opened the sound rushed out like a crack of thunder as it met the voices screaming and mocking at me.

I yelled out as hard as I could, at the top of my lungs as the cop grabbed for me to take me to the paddy wagon, "YOU DIRTY ROTTEN LOUSY GODDAMNED BASTARDS!!! YOU KICKED THE SHIT OUT OF ME AND BIKE!" I overheard one telling a bystander, "He's bleeding pretty bad, he got off his bike as he come in this driveway."

Again I yelled, "YOU LYING GODDAMNED SONS OF BITCHES! I'LL KILL YOU HEARTLESS BASTARDS!!"

Two more cops jerked at my collar, twisting my wrists, shaking and trembling, all three of them tryin to make a front as they took me to the paddy wagon in the darkness, as dark as their black hearts. They modified their viciousness into a phony act of lead-the-prisoner-away-who-hates-everyone, who-wants-to-kill-all-the-good-people. God would have to rearrange the structure of each of their souls before He would ever consider forgiving them for what they did there and what they represent in this manner.

When they got me inside the paddy wagon the cursing started again and the slapping of leather as it kicked into my ribs and at the back of my head. One stomped at my groin over and over and over. Lucky that his connection was not good, or the Police Department of San Francisco today would all be freaks—I'd see to it. I hate them! Today I hate them. Today I curse them as I cursed them then, as they stomped and swore as I lay motionless, hoping they would stop kicking. And there was one bastard who kept jerking the handcuffs. My wrists felt as if they had swollen as big as my waist, my hands felt like acid was all over them, and they burned like fire. I'll never forget that one voice that said, *"The bastard is still breathin!"*

The paddy wagon rolled up to Alameda General Emergency Hospital where I was taken and had the cuts in my

head stitched. The doctor and the nurse must have been leftovers of warmed-over death, of the German Nazi doctors who butchered humans! To find out whatever the hell it was like to be evil. They had no mercy. I asked them to have the cops release the handcuffs a little bit. My hands were numb, I told them. The nurse looked behind my back and said, "They are turning blue." The doctor must have been deaf, for his morguelike face never even flickered a reaction. I was then taken to the Ingleside precinct substation of this cesspool of cops.

During what must have been a change of shift, the cops mingled and milled around me. The whole room we were standing in was full of these men in blue suits with badges —all staring at me, acting as if I was another wounded dog that had been taken off the streets and brought into the dog pound. The pain was so intense inside my mind from the beating I'd just had that I felt like biting them, as they stared at me, for the handcuffs were still holding my hands behind my back.

As I was brought to the booking desk, I looked up at the sergeant. He was typing away on a typewriter and he turned around and his face looked just like a dog's—they all looked like dogs. He had a pair of glasses on that hung over a large nose, and his cheeks hung down like those of a boxer dog. It is hard to describe such an ugly face. All had scowls on their faces: they all looked hungry for human flesh.

I tried to bite one of them. I went right into his face tryin to bite him on the nose—he jumped back and got away as I growled. It was a roar like that of a mighty cat beast in a pit of hungry dogs. As the cop jumped back, I heard the other dog with sergeant's stripes on his arms say to another one off in the corner: "YOU'VE BEATEN THIS MAN INSANE—GET HIM OUT OF HERE!"

The man at the typewriter then turned away, there were no more questions asked. I then remember two Daly City police officers coming into the room and taking me away in their car.

They drove me to Daly City in the Daly City police car that had chased me originally. There was a cop there that run something down like: "This guy wouldn't even make a sad disciple." He too was trying to spit and mock at me. I, in turn, remember saying, "Yeah, you bet, we both didn't go to the same Sunday school, did we?" At that the cop looked baffled in his square face. As I stood in the Daly City police station, waiting to be booked for drunken driving, they finally took off the handcuffs and let me stand free to get my picture taken, and there, for the first time, one cop took a little mercy on me as he fingerprinted my hands

that were so mangled and cut and swollen from the handcuffs. My shirt had spots of dried blood where it had streaked when it ran and splashed up and down my shirt. I remember looking at a mirror once and saw that I looked as though I had been used to mop up the pools of blood in a slaughterhouse after the day's chore of killing was over. Fingerprinting took a long time but finally it was finished.

I remember, as I stood before the booking desk in the San Francisco station, the song flashed through my mind, "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)." I was so wound up from acid I quoted the song out loud as I stood there for all the cops to hear.

> "My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards
> False Gods, I scuff at pettiness which plays so rough
> Walk upside down inside handcuffs
> Kick my legs to crash it off
> Say o.k., I've had enough."

I said this right in front of the face of the cop that was standing next to me trying to make me quote to a typewriter. I was so mad I defied the presence of these cops prying into my mind.

I remember the cell door clanging shut on me as I fell upon the cot. I asked the cop again when I could make a call to arrange bail. He said he'd call me in a few minutes. I let my head slam against the bed as I fell back. As the cop's footsteps echoed away I remember laughing savagely and madly into the night of quietness. I felt as though I had been locked away in an insane asylum for the night. I rose up off the bed and lit my last cigarette with my last match—*that* I remember. I stood up and paced the floor madly waiting for the chance to make the phone call. By this time my eyes were both swollen shut.

It still wasn't two o'clock, when the bars close, so I phoned back to Charley's Geneva Club. Frank, the bartender, answered the phone, and I asked for any of the Hell's Angels who might be there. I soon heard Lovely Larry's voice on the other end of the phone. He was still laughing in his wine. Then he picked up the vibrations of my voice and the condition I was in. He stopped abruptly on the phone, saying to the other Angels in the bar: "FRANK'S BEEN WORKED OVER BY THE HEAT!" He then reassured me they'd make bail immediately, so I felt very good as I hung up the phone and was led back to the cell through a narrow hallway. It seemed like it was going down all the time. It was all twisted and angled due to the condition of my mind. I couldn't help but laugh from time to time hysterical-like because of the acid. The acid was still highly twisting my mind in a magnetic-like way. Everything becomes larger,

mainly one's body, hands, anything that you think or feel with seems to swell. The cop looked up in the air as I was laughing madly and said, "WOWWWWW! LET'S GET THIS GUY BACK INSIDE!"

I was not released on bail because I entered a plea of guilty on going to court the next morning. I was supposed to have entered a plea of not guilty and have bail set. As I stood up before the judge in his blue cloak and heard the charge read off by some clerk, I remember saying, "I'll plead guilty to the charge, your honor, but I'd like to know why I was brutally beaten by San Francisco police officers upon surrendering."

The judge, in turn, repeated, "That is beyond my jurisdiction. I will sentence you to *six months* under the care of a doctor. When I receive his report, I will then determine how much of the six months you will do. In the meantime his report will determine blah blah . . ."

He was kidding! I had six months to do! I didn't find out till later that I should have pleaded not guilty. Anyway it did not matter—I was loused up. I kind of felt like I needed to punish myself for losing the battle and the chase. I wanted everybody to get off my back and quit asking me questions. It didn't occur to me at the time to wonder why I was in this San Mateo court and not in a San Francisco court where I'd been caught.

The earth is Hell and on it there are Hell's Angels.

I had a dream last night. In my dream thousands of planes were flying over the horizon. I remember when I looked up there and saw those planes, Michael, they were like on the *Hell's Angels* poster of Jean Harlow standing in flames. The planes on the poster have double wings, there are only three of them dipping and diving on fire, but in my dream there were thousands! Modern planes, many rockets on them. All of them screamed. I could hear them in my dream screaming and humming as they roared through the air. As far as my eyes could see across the horizon to the opening of San Francisco Bay—I could see planes for miles—as far as a man's eyes can see. In my dream it didn't scare me because I knew I wouldn't burn up when they let loose their fire. There was no doubt that all of these planes were here to destroy. It was just a dream of thousands of planes flying over my head to destroy me. And then the movie *The Time Machine* was on my mind in the dream. I knew, as I slept, that soon I would hear the birds as in the movie, and I would be reclining among the Elois—the people who lived in *The Time Machine*—the ones who are alive after the bombs are dropped, who are content with a world of peace.

Everyone laid in the sunshine and ate fruit from the gardens. Everyone was dressed in homespun clothes. We were all of the same age. The women and the men were so beautiful. And I, in turn, was beautiful because I was one of them. In the dream I remember the Morlocks, who live underground, who eat cannibalistic style, who were there to eat the Elois, who lived above the ground. They were long furry white creatures with long white hairs on all parts of their bodies—that could not stand to see the sun, which hurt their eyes, which is why they lived underground. It comes back to me that in the movie these are the people who were once the senators and the generals who went inside the mountain to press the button which made all the planes come and bomb the world with rockets. And now I among the other Elois would have to overcome the Morlocks, who wanted to eat us. At the end of the movie, the man who invented the time machine was heading back to help the Elois. —I was mad because my dream didn't go on to see how we overcame them. In the dream they came in, the women with their long blond hair and prettiness and gentleness, along with the men who wore their blond hair shorter to distinguish their sex. They were so beautiful that I only wish right now that people could be like that. I want to get out of this lousy world! It's enough to make a lousy person do it—if they didn't know it's wrong to commit suicide. Were it not, I'd do it right now so quick!

Then I remember real soft moments at La Honda. For instance, one time I was with Mark and Sharon. Mark, the president of Frisco Hell's Angels, who moves about in a sleeplike movement. He knows things and doesn't try to explain them because it only mixes him up. But when people discuss things of depth he can understand and follow them closely without using words. And Sharon, in turn, is great for the same things, words can mix her up, but when listening to deep conversation she understands clearly in her masculine-like feminine ways. They were trying to get me to leave La Honda with a load of acid we'd just picked up to take back to our people: fifteen capsules we'd just bought. And while they pulled on me to go, the people who had just cooked breakfast said, "Sit down and eat, stay, and don't go." Fay, Kesey's wife, was the one who had just cooked breakfast. They were like the Elois. June was standing in the ashes of the fireplace in her long blond hair, and Fay in her long brunette hair. Pancho was there walking about the house, and Neil Cassidy paced the floor muttering words. I felt great, my long hair streaming in my eyes, as I looked at the eggs that had just been fried and placed before me on this wooden table, along with a little metal orange cup. One girl in a homespun dress held an orange and talked

through the window at the forest. I want to go somewhere where it was like that again, where there are good people who don't want to hurt and destroy. I'm tired of this GODDAMNED VIOLENCE, MAN, WHEN I GO OUT OF HERE TONIGHT I'M GOING TO GO INTO A WALKING SCREAMING MESS OF GODDAMNED DESTRUCTION!

I'm finally cured of the clap! Sure is great after about a month of fucking dripping and burning. I remember going to the clap doctor and seeing so many people from the Haight-Ashbury rock & roll district. It was a gas, seein so many men with long beards and hair and women with their long hair and homespun dresses. HRAGGGGGHH!!

I dream all the time in my sleep. Every night I dream. Sometimes it's a week later before the dream will flash back into my mind. I'm glad that the dream of the planes came back to me the very next day on awakening. As soon as I woke up I took a cap of acid, knowing the dream which came to me right after I woke up. As the planes roared over I again remembered in the dream the song that Barry Maguire sings about the eve of destruction. It was being sung as the planes roared over—something about the Eastern world explodin, voices screaming, bullets being loaded—how does it go, anyway?

I have a trial going on right now for possession of paraphernalia, consisting of an outfit which is points which you use to geeze amphetamine drugs with—hypodermic needles, syringe. You squeeze a baby's pacifier—a child's balloon—to get loaded and stay awake to what's happening. This I'm being tried for—for possession of. Along with another charge for amphetamine/methadrine drug. I'd just been found guilty in the first trial by a judge who had it on his mind to find me guilty. His face held the same expression throughout the trial. This'll be appealed and beaten, I know, because I don't need to go to jail again. After being found guilty I went home and directly changed into my basement clothes and went to sleep and I had these dreams of the airplane and of *The Time Machine.*

After standing in front of the judge and getting six months, for drunken driving, I was taken to Redwood City & County jail, where the cells look like boxcars from the inside, where men were turned into cattle being branded and shoved from cell to cell and shipped from prison to prison. It was like they were all mooing and wailing. I almost felt like going MOOOOOOOO BWAHHHH and stuff like that while I was

being led from court for there were so many that kept being released and brought back, and I was the longest man in the cell. They left me there because this was a place where they release people—except me. They wanted to blow my mind. I finally told them, "Take me to solitary!" They did after forty days in this cell. When I was in solitary confinement I spoke through the speakers to the cops who were listening. I *knew*. I read off weird poetry that I had written while in the cells.

YOU HAVE ME NOW CHAINED
TO THESE FOUR LITTLE WALLS
BUT I WILL RISE AGAIN
SIX MONTHS YOU SAY
BUT I WILL RISE AGAIN
TO PULL YOUR HEARTS OUT
WHO'S REALLY INSANE NOW,
ME OR YOU?
SHALL I OPEN THE DOOR OR WAIT
FOR YOU?

After saying, "WHO'S REALLY INSANE, ME OR YOU?" I used to let out a long heeheheeheheheheh-hOOO-OOOOO laugh over the speakers in an insane-like manner for them to hear. In the end it was only three days and they took me to a board meeting for the honor camp. While I was in the big cell I put in several requests to go to the honor camp but they were denied. The psychiatrist asked me, "Why would you like to go to the honor camp?" And I jumped up out of the chair and said, "Because there's trees and birds and a lot of fresh air, where I can walk around and nobody can bother me." I kind of laughed as I told him why I wanted to go. I could see the hair raising up on the men as they sat around interviewing me. This was the board for the honor camp. They were all head shrinkers, and I had the broadest mind of any of them. I told them again that I know where this honor camp is. I told them I would not walk away when one said, "There are no locks"—he was the psychiatrist of the camp. They then told me to go back to the cell and they'd tell me whether I could go or not. They thought I was crazy! I was kind of crazy from being cooped up. I smiled when I got up and left.

five

Once in a while we have a fight with a brother, though we keep it within our scene, as our business. For instance, last night as a member stood raving madly in the middle of the floor at the Frisco Chapter meeting, putting himself on stage, he bolted a right cross which caught me in the eye. I came to my feet kicking and swinging madly and, after slamming lefts and rights at everybody's jaws and heads trying to reach him, I finally got my arms around his head. We then rolled to the left and his head went into a window, glass shattering but no blood spilling; as we fell to the floor I clawed madly at his face because I could not swing and hit him. My mouth was right near his forehead. I tried desperately to bite him. At one time my mouth and teeth caught the top of his nose as it arcs on his forehead. I bit and chomped in all viciousness—but without success for I only scratched his skin. If I could have caught the soft part of his nose I would have bit it completely off. Just as I would have bit the cop's nose off that I lunged at the night of my arrest after being chased by squad cars. Just before I lunged at him, with the handcuffs holding my hands behind me, this cop had said, "You show me nothin." Then had repeated himself, "HUH, tonight you show me nothin."

There I was standing with handcuffs on so damn tight my blood could not circulate. No wonder I made an insane dive for his face! No wonder the cops ruled me insane to get me out of there as quickly as possible!

An amphetamine high is like the sun coming through the darkest of clouds and warming up the whole day. All five senses pick up keenly, and you suddenly know Clark Kent and Superman commercials ain't got nothin compared to what it is like to change into a sunshine world. You *go on,* your head lights up like a light bulb. You feel like you could turn on someone and give them a suntan you're so radiant. You feel like you could take care of everything in the world that has to be taken care of, but God help you if you are around any clocks or nuts or bolts because you'll get hung up on the threads. You get on one of those erector-set trips with nuts or bolts, with anything you're around. All in all you're double-satisfied with whatever you do. And it is as

though Father Time has his hand on the clock and is turning the hours around with the speed of the second hand.

An acid high, LSD high, jacks you up stimulant-wise, it keens up all five senses plus any other unknown senses man hasn't discovered. It takes me deeply into the mental telepathy trip. I believe this is how the world will be saved—through mental telepathy. For instance, I saw a movie once and had a dream of it. The name of the movie was *The Children of the Damned*. It should have been reversed and run-down as "The Children of God." For I believe whoever takes LSD and gets on the trip of mental telepathy will soon become like the children in the movie . . . and control the insane doctors of the button.

In my dream of the movie a teacher is dead-set on destroying these children once he has found out the power they have. Even in the movie it didn't show that the children were here to destroy—it didn't even show what good they were here for—they all looked as though they had the eyes of children in Keane's paintings. They were all of the same age. Straight blond hair. Beautiful children with big globe-like eyes. The teacher who was bound on their destruction at the time had brought into the schoolroom a time bomb inside a briefcase. The children were beginning to read his mind. And he could see it. So he forced a thought of mind over matter—a brick wall was the thought he had in his mind to keep the children from reading what was there to destroy them. As their minds all focused on his brain he closed his eyes in horror as the brick wall began to burn down. Shortly after the brick wall collapsed and they saw the briefcase in his mind, they in turn jumped from their seats and raced for the briefcase hidden under his desk. But as in movies, and we all know how movies are, the bomb exploded just before they could dismantle it by use of mental telepathy, destroying all the beautiful children, who were really here to save everyone I think.

The dream just showed the teacher's mind with a brick wall he had forced into it as a thought. It showed no other reason as to why and why not. The children were all there. It showed in the dream—all the women in the small town became pregnant at the same time and bore these children due to radioactive fallout.

Geezin crystal is an amphetamine trip. It is a *waker*—an *upper* rather than a *downer* like heroin and opiates. Opiates like heroin to me are products of Satan. But crystal in its white powder form looks about like flour when you drop a little bit in a spoon. I then take my dripper and drop a little water. The dripper is a regular eyedropper with a baby pacifier on the end. On the tip of a

dripper is a small plastic gasket to hold the needle on. I drop a little—about half a dropper of clear water—squirt it into the spoon, mixing the crystal which turns crystal clear like water. I then drop a small piece of cotton into the spoon, squeeze the pacifier and place it over the cotton, and slowly draw the crystal up into the dripper. I then reach for a size 26 needle which I like to use. Placing the needle on the end, making sure it is secure, my outfit is loaded and ready to go.

I could have even had an outfit and crystals to geeze while I was in the honor camp, because when you get visitors on Sundays you are privileged to be able to walk along and shake hands and be out in the open for it is in the woods in San Mateo County. There are no locks but I did not choose to have an outfit and crystal brought out. For what I'm tryin to say is a person who geezes while there at this honor camp cannot relax and enjoy it because he is too obvious. But on the other hand most everyone smokes weed. There's lots of weed. Weed is really more natural than smoking tobacco.

For a pastime, since I now had the time, I ordered all colors in paints, the acrylic kind that you use on plastic models and wood. I chose these paints because I like their brightness. I wanted to make what I had seen under LSD actually come out, come out on these plywood boards with a heavy white base coat. It took me approximately three weeks to do the first one in the honor camp. It was about four feet high by twelve inches wide. I started out writing poetry all over the board up and down it. I then splashed various colors over the black letters which showed through. I drew trees, castles, mountains and men down the board as I went. Starting at the top, I began with a clownlike man whose head flashed off like lightning as though his cap were completely blown and sending out strong vibrations which made up the sounds of the painting. After finishing this first, what one would call a psychedelic painting, everyone was interested. I was praised. I did not like being praised. It was a new thing for I had not ever been praised for anything I had done—in a creative sense. But I could stand back and look at my first painting and tell and know that I had creative instincts as an artist in my own original way. I knew that every painting would be different and more exciting. All I wanted to do was paint. The four months that I did at the honor camp I all but drifted and ran along with the paints into a world of Oz-like matter. It was as though I wasn't even in jail. Many people wanted paintings. I managed to hold onto all my paintings except for three. One went to a fellow prisoner who was kicked out of the honor camp for kicking a man in the mouth who had sundayed him. I felt it was very unjust because all he was doing was defending himself. I also gave a cop at the honor camp my first

psychedelic painting in collage pattern of paper—using paper rip-outs. He was overwhelmed and dug it deeply. When I got through—he did ask me to add two more things, which I did —one was a bottle of Burgermeister beer, the other was a large pair of tits. He very openly termed himself to be a titty-freak. I was more than glad to find and rip out the largest pair of tits in *Playboy* magazine and paste it on the board and then paint over and around it to give it psychedelic effect. This type of painting using the paper rip-outs I now try to stay away from because I feel my own free hand gives me more of my subconscious as in psychedelic LSD highs.

I did at least nine or ten paintings within a three and one half month period at the honor camp. My first painting I gave to Lovely Larry the weekend before he was killed. I remember him standing in the parking lot smiling all over himself after I had agreed to let him keep possession of my first painting. Which meant I gave it to him but in my mind I could not come right out and say—*it's yours.* He understood very well. He knew a man does not give himself away, whether it be flesh or matter.

As we said goodbye that sunny afternoon, which was the last time I ever saw him in the phase of life, we traded sandals upon his suggestion. Such a small-like thing was very heartwarming for both of us. Psychedelically, Larry and I were in deep togetherness in the manner of mind. Nothing we did was ever foolish or silly though it may appear so . . . I must stop talking about him. But he's my guardian angel. When I first got out of jail we discussed having patches made for the memory of Lovely Larry. I went to the emblem shop and decided to have OUR LOVELY LARRY in white lettering on black. A very small patch about two inches long by a half inch high. I wear mine above my secretary patch, which is above my heart.

I'm religious more and more every day, I'm deeply religious at this moment. I went on LSD again and saw the Light. Father. Our Father. God. The Invisible Force. The Creative One. I was in a rose garden when the fragrance hit my nostrils, I completely lost control of all memory and thought and went back into childhood. And rapidly expanded. Within the hours back into manhood, remembering all and trying desperately to remember things that are in the Bible that I had heard my grandfather hammer and pound into the table scaring all. I feel my grandfather was wrong in the way he spoke of God and the Holy Bible, but I remember many of his little things.

God is Love. Whosoever believeth in Him will have everlasting life. Lucifer, who is Satan, created Fortune and

Fame and patterns them, and has corrupted the whole world. The Masters are of Fortune and Fame. God will soon bring His children together. For the earth is Hell. And the Masters will burn for their Hell-like ways. They have given their mind, body and soul for the achievement of Fortune and Fame. One man once told me of a great mountain which was built to encase the Masters, if they choose to give up their foolish chase for the stars. They have already dug a hole only for the Masters of Fortune and Fame, who have already condemned man to death. Who knows what else they've done. They corrupt the minds of good men, but God in his light will shine for every man. Those who believe and see the light and take a creative stance in love of mankind will not live by the law of a dollar bill. But each will seek and find words in a prophet-like stance—God's Angels.

There was a Hell's Angel who had been thrown out but still was in the minds of all Hell's Angels. Eyes the size of large brown marble pillars, he used his hypnotist mind, which was so developed in a Satan structure. He was so powerful in his thunder structure. His lame leg was very mighty in muscle and he only limped to catch someone off guard. He would turn upon people with his lightning eyes, totally blinding all their senses. But his emotions were very deep and mixed. For Frank Marino, graduate of Fortune and Fame in pattern of Lucifer, committed suicide, or else I think Satan wants him to work invisibly, as he now does, I know. He was kicked out of the Hell's Angels because he would not bend to any written law we try to follow. He acted upon his own, coming and going as he chose. With his rushing slow motion movement he used to backhand my shoulder, knocking me around like a kitten playing with a ball. I hadn't seen him for a year, but not more than two months before his death he converged upon me, using the strength of these eyes that bulged in vibrations as mine pierced through his, making him take a statue stance, and use the far-out mental telepathy vibration language . . . which he knew I picked up on only to tell him I hope we'll meet together when the sound of a horn rips the stillness of darkness. He then wheeled about, taking what had jolted him, for he had not figured the mighty sword would ever touch my shoulders in this era in which we met only for a brief moment. As he fell out the door in the sliding greatness, I spoke to him—"Quoth the Raven, nevermore . . ." As he went down through the yard and out the gate, his mind was in a rage. He disappeared like a magician, leaving behind him this new type of magician which he knows has only one stance—Creativeness and Love.

Frank was good, though his soul had been overtaken by this double phase—two on one—FORTUNE, FAME. I

really think his ghostlike soul will see lights and his heart will become of love.

The rose garden was hidden to my sight as I walked into it not knowing it was there. In all strangeness the fragrance struck my nostrils as I hummed high on acid, flushing my mind of all sinister sands that had been blown and placed there. I went into pinkness in sight as it fell around my head, the color of pinkness, the reds, beautiful reds, while the sweat streamed from my face. There was nothing but roses. I was wrapped in roses, roses were my bed, my pillow, and I wailed like a baby upon being born. I was completely taken away! I was a baby! I was lying on a breast! I was crying out as I laid upon the roses in a breastlike clasp. I felt very near to a mother. Not my mother. I needed a mother, I needed somebody, I felt I was never going to regain my mind again. For what I think was an hour or more I cried like a baby but the wails soon were not of fright, they were for a mother. I grasped her thoughts. My first thought of who I was finally, when it came through, was my little name Freewheelin, Freewheelin. I could not remember *Frank* at first. When the thought struck—"You are a Hell's Angel," I could not understand what this was at first. It didn't seem right. I didn't know what it was—what I am supposed to know and feel of Hell's Angels of which I am. Thoughts of holiness reeked into my mind, filling it.

I walked out of there. I don't know what happened for an hour. I stood and looked at the roses but I knew I had been out for what one might term, and why not say, a thousand years, it don't make no difference. For a life I have been given.

I've met Allen Ginsberg many times but yet they were not meetings of talk. They were just fading flickering glimpses from realistic sight to opening of *Life* magazine while in jail and looking and there on the page stood Allen Ginsberg quoting poetry to a Kansas school class while Peter tape-recorded in his decade of streaming hair, that shows how long he's walked about—let us say, "making believers, while seeing believers." The first time I actually met Allen Ginsberg was at La Honda. I get mad when I talk about Allen G. because people are going to misuse what I say. They are going to phony it, or they are going to try to phony it. One cannot overcome any gibberjabber of someone who is lost and seeks confusion as a way in and out.

For it was at Ken Kesey's pad that I first saw the long hair that hung with a full beard on Allen Ginsberg. And for the first time I quickly remembered a word I had heard once —Bohemian. There he set upon the rug in the middle of the

living room floor. I did not know what his name was. But I was on LSD for the first time and there for the first time. As I walked through the door and saw him sitting on the floor —legs crossed—I felt what I would now term deep love for this man with these little bells. He made everything sparkle. He was chiming tiny finger bells that made everything glitter and sparkle in the dusty-like beauty of all the color in everything. His eyes were real. His voice chanted a Buddhist —I am told, I did not know what it was at the time—chant. But I felt wanted without him raising his head and looking towards me. I felt his mind relax with mine before I had even set down on the floor and chanted what I can only remember as: OOOOOOOOOHMMAAAAWHHHAAAA-TAAAAAA AHWAH KEEKE AHH YAHHHH. And the bells would ting-ting tingtingtingtingting. There I set chanting along, feeling so inspired with feeling of friend. The first time it was as though I had flown in after being held my own captive in a rocky cliff. An era had now brought me back. This is the feeling that subconsciously sustained love. It comes out so wonderful now—so warm. And there, as I remember, was also Peter. His long, long, longest hair ever seen on a man—it doesn't matter, he was beautiful. This was for everyone, oh God, is it true! Peter, with his magnetic thumping hands kept a basslike rumble pitching along with thunder rhythm as he chanted.

The same night, outside the house, I heard someone say, "Allen Ginsberg is a fruit . . ." Sending vibrations meaning stone homosexual, as if he were trying to warn all to stay away from this man. I was so shocked by the deprived-sounding man who said this that I wanted to go immediately and love Allen sexually, to show how great and real it is to be. How could a mind forever go on thinking that? I know that squeaking voice will someday see a light. How could he be forever deprived of natural realness?

Again, I remember after I realized Allen Ginsberg's trueness for the first time in thought, I was invited to a party which was a gathering of the art world. It was after a concert of Bob Dylan's. I was invited by Ken Kesey, while we were at the Luau Bar in Oakland. And I wandered about by myself digging the natural colors and sounds that dated back to biblical times. I then saw Sonny Barger, of Oakland, along with Tiny, also Terry the Tramp, walking and settling upon the floor as everyone moved about unaware that this was the start of a poetic gathering in the home of an artist. Huge milky-like paintings hung from the walls of a high high ceiling. I could not believe I was in this part of town I knew well, for it was my motorcycle gearshifting streets and alleys of the Mission District that this building hung above, at 24th and Folsom: a tough

Mexican district where everybody always tends to smash bottles rather than set them up against the curb. Today I always look up at this building as I go by. It looks like a dentist's office. I cannot begin to remember all that took place within a few short hours in that castle surrounding walls to stairway to stage place where I met for the first time in person—Bob Dylan. Again I was near Allen Ginsberg, and I am so wonderful and grateful to add—Joan Baez. With all three of these people I will seek to have an understanding and deep friendship in love, if I ever see them again—in the near future or whenever.

six

I believe there's a Heaven now because the Bible states that the world will be destroyed by fire in the final phase. I only hope!

Lovely Larry is dead and death is darkness . . . I don't know. And I don't want to take my brothers on a bum trip when I go into Lovely Larry and the theory of reincarnation. My brothers can sway my mind whether it be right or wrong until I can take the stance of retaliation of weighing both sides and equaling for a conclusion. That puts the jury out of style. Uhmm . . . Listen . . .

So, I won't go into Lovely Larry but he is deeply among each and every one of us—speaking for the brothers in the Hell's Angels. He deserves to be talked about. At any time his name is mentioned, flowers, the ultimate in flowers, shall be in thought, for memories are of the essence of flowers. I have never been to his grave. I was in jail through his funeral and all. I did not know where his grave lies. I told myself in jail I would go to his grave and play my harmonica over it in the darkest hour of the night, if it might be. Because the closeness swelled and overwhelmed me—brother feeling which was a new feeling in the phase of death to each and every one of us. I was alone while Larry's funeral took place. As group togetherness which we are—this is our fire—group togetherness—what really holds us together. Larry was a part of the brotherhood. While alive, as much as in death. The words that go to describe can only be described in my mind inside of a jail. Each and every

member was together and underwent the togetherness reaction of an Angel death. It was the Frisco Chapter's first and only Hell's Angel brother death. *To explain—I feel I must, brother—Hell's Angel is the ultimate in trueness.* But that is not the trueness it deserves, I feel cheated in the first place about his death. Because I had to take it at *newspaper* value. I'll spend a lifetime explaining what I feel about this death. I don't care if I'm judged insane. I'm not positive. There is an unknown force that drives me to explain. I know that in a psychological life way, a cross-examined man could say to me, "I want to block this out and overrule it before it's drawn as the concluding fact . . ." What the psychologist would say. I am now going to say. The psychologist would say, "You hate cops, you hate cops, you want to kill cops, you wear a button that says you want to kill cops, the button says *the only good cop is a dead cop . . .*" But I don't want his death cheapened by an illusion of thoughts.

I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO GO TO THE FUNERAL!

I know I would kill a man with my bare hands if he mocked this. When we get through with this I want to challenge the cops that killed him. Here we are fighting the battle, man. And we haven't even been to the christening in chivalry. I'm picking roses and getting into a battle at the same time. I had to take it out of the *newspaper!* When I get through with this it will be laid down in a form of fire that has never been written before. I will feel this or it won't be said. There have never been words to explain what it is to feel this darkness of death. And it must be noted. The stature and stance of Lovely Larry pertaining to me and the Frisco Chapter . . . Me above all, and the Frisco Chapter above all. If any man does not see this as true fire that burns them THIS WILL BE A MAN THAT IS GOING DOWN THE DRAIN! And I want to make a prediction like that too, hoping that any divine force will put a curse upon me because I've made that prediction.

I just know how clever men are. Wizards of what a theory of violence is—What is right and wrong—what is love! And any mockery that they can come up with! I know the masters of corrupted souls, the Satans, the Wizards of Evil, that can take any thing of realness, and what they can do to it. This is why I get in an uproar in the mind. Thinking of any evil one reading this. I want to curse them all in four words, before they reach the forever-forever-Angel-words. To explain: I feel as though an evil force moved in on me then and shut me off and shut me up before . . . If they attack and read my words let them not read it. Because the four words tell them if they work against what is said there with their modifying evil manipulations . . . If they read the curse and then go into it ignoring the curse . . . I still predict

death against the blackest darkest evillest Satan whoever he may be. May I die under his hand if my force will not kill him!!!! We're getting a defense of honor—of memorial honor!

It was the Frisco Chapter's first and only Hell's Angel brother death. I should explain what I mean by "brother" . . . Uhhhm. It would be much easier to just . . . I can only think of this in my quietest hour for it is the darkness of black that hovers over trying to understand and seek. A closing . . . Eye to eye kiss . . . just to close and get the glimpse that we give to each other as a goodbye. I see kisses I dread in this darkness. What is done is done, but the torture involved at the moment is sprung in the eyes of the evillest. They are the ones that benefited from this death for they hid it. They hid it. They did not admit it. And to give Evil a benefit of the doubt at this point I would have to be insane. Of course I don't expect em to turn themselves in on the scene of the crime in which I am talking about! At the time of the accident there was a motorcycle there . . . I'll say a motorcycle they ran over *maybe* accidentally—GIVING ALL LEEWAY TO THE DIRTY BASTARDS, WHO WILL DIE IF THEY HAVE NOT DIED ALREADY! I, in this hour, have to let my mind weigh in equalness with this. I do believe in God, so this is why I will take time! And I must say, on the other hand, it is going to make my fire more pure because I have the power of God to weigh a decision of falsehooded in-front acts done by man! When it is in-front that something is wrong, believed to be two cops, three cops, *or go back to one—who knows!* Or none really, just a badge that hung upon a carcass! AHGG! I must at times now hold it in mind—Love instincts to the greatest power so that I can get across . . .

God I feel is real, this is why I'm taking this time cause I'm going to let loose in a few minutes, in a few seconds.

The trip comes up in my mind that as Bobby Dylan says, "There's no success like failure, and . . . failure's no success at all." He says it, he's the one who wrote it, but the trip is *behind* it. All whoever listens to it reads it, or whatever —they understand it—that's where it blooms in full. It's the trip also of trying to explain yourself and then *sound* can do it for you. And it makes no difference whether or not you can repeat it and explain it to others, as long as you understand it. That's the main thing as long as you understand it. Conclusion—the English language was devised to mix up the mind and keep a person from gaining any thought of their own into logical reasoning to better and help their fellow man.

Lovely Larry. I got to find me a heading. I want fact,

truth, real . . . To stand fast in the mind of anyone when they hear his name.

A vision last night while thinking of Lovely Larry: I laid it down in words and thought, while talking to the walls, and building a true flame of mind which he, of now-darkness deserves, and will get in my blood sweat, for I have accepted the phase of Death, of darkness, which he is now in, as an obligation to make everyone see the truth who might let their mind think of scorn when the name is mentioned or thought of.

I fear nothing. Does anyone care to challenge me? Or have they got enough mind! I want to say something that's hard to say cause people won't understand. If anyone thinks I'm a cowboy for sayin that then they must still want to put a gun around their hip, but ain't got the nerve to do it.

Lovely Larry, in the past, was in strong physical structure —an unborn saint. His mind was to be born. From the fullness of his beard to the kindness in his eyes, which flared in red when crossed with any hatred—and he was learning to hate hatred. He was a Hell's Angel of Fame. With the creative instincts of Love for a base. Red and black against his blue eyes were his favorite colors. He always used the word favorITE. He said, "Is that your favorITE motor-motorcycle? This is my favorITE cigarette case." I gave him a painting when I was in jail. He asked if he could take this painting and hold it. He would keep it while I was in jail . . . it would be his *favorITE* painting. He could, in a flat second, flash into the reddest of violence. For instance, one night in the bus at La Honda, Lovely Larry, I, and Chocolate George boarded the bus in the darkness of the trees, with this girl of magnetic beauty like real natural. Her long blond hair did meet attraction in Larry's eyes as well as all of us. He was the climax of what was to be a flare of violence because of one pig fool!

There were five us that boarded Ken Kesey's psychedelic bus in La Honda, and the moon she was full. In the glow of it all, there was a woman, there was a man, and *there were also* three men of Hell's Angel descent. Larry, who charmed the blond woman of beauty, for we were all to make love to her. Even she didn't feel that we were greedy. But the other man spoke in a mumble meant to be heard, "THE VULTURES ARE HERE." Lovely Larry, the sound waves bounding through his head, turned about, and said, "WHAT DID YOU SAY? DID I HEAR WHAT I THINK YOU SAID? I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU SAID?"

The mumble did not repeat itself. Within the count of three, a crashing blow split the lip with a mighty WHAP. Even now I put myself back for that great crack of that right hand. Just one time was all that it took to show the

mouth not to come off when love was about to be a togetherness bout. All together, we three rose and left the bus and all that was left behind was a bleeding nose and a blond who was ready to just fall out. We did not talk about whether we were right or wrong, for like, man, there was other blonds about and without that one-man-only shout comin from he who is only one. In other words—let her speak. She was in the seat.

Lovely Larry in life had a family of two sisters, a father, a mother. The father in control of the family from the Ozarks had stubbed his toes too many times on the rocks, and Larry was twisted. But his trueness was in colors of his family red and white. Known to him and me and all of us Hell's Angels. His trip was Hell's Angels. George, vice-president, was his closest brother in relation to being together under the same roof. They both fought together on the side trip of scheming how to make the dollar have a little soul value—so the landlord could pay his rent. George, with a face that is pictured in everyone's mind as a reincarnation of Van Gogh. This I heard Larry say, and it was true as our flame!

Larry knew that our code was like an atom that we talked about as revolving in words. What we don't pick up now will come about again. Lovely Larry was a structure of solid muscle and didn't have to roll up his sleeves to prove it. He was in love with himself. His body to him was lovely. He used to stand with Terry the Tramp, and they would say back and forth to one another, "OH, BEAUTIFUL TRAMP!" And then the call would come back, "OH, LOVELY LARRY."

Larry kept his beard trimmed. He was lovely with the way he trimmed his beard. His eyes sparkled. The last time I saw him, he came to visit me in jail. I looked up at him, and then from the feet up, I looked up to him. He was a tower of strength. Black socks, strapped black sandals, then came his levis of original. (Original means since he got in the club. I think he said one time they were four years old —they had never been washed.) And then came his belt with a buckle of a hog. A bike, his hog, right on his belt buckle. Then it was his chest bulged out in a velvet violet cotton velour. His arms swelling. He was a God—with that beard, and long hair.

seven

Coming out of confusion. Breaking confusion. The need to be enlightened—I need to be enlightened as so many of my friends needed to be. We were on a ha-ha trip for a long time. I'm speaking of the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club —I've found it to be my life, soul, and death, too, trip in life.

The Hell's Angels in general are on a more positive trip as far as knowing themselves today—whereas they thought they knew themselves before but they weren't on a positive basis. The real Hell's Angels are the ones who've taken LSD and had the carpet jerked out from under them. These are now most of the leaders. This is the era of soul. We have found that we need each other more than ever. We must have brotherhood. I like to think and theorize on the Hell's Angels. I feel that it is going to play a very important part in the lives of mankind. Every person is based on either Love, Fortune or Fame. In the future, mankind will be controlled by men with love instincts. Men of Fortune and Fame will soon reach an end to their existence. I believe that I will see this in my lifetime. We have a patch that we wear initialed AFFA. That means—Angels Forever Forever Angels.

We have another patch similar—it is DFFL. This stands for DOPE FOREVER FOREVER LOADED. The patch is small—three inches, by one and one half inches, with inch-high letters in red on white—the club colors. —Worn anywhere on the jacket in which the club colors—the death's head and the Hell's Angels insignia are worn. I wear mine below my left front pocket. I wear my DFFL patch below my right front pocket. Both of them mean very much to me.

I hate the English language anyway—I wish I knew German. I read in *Life* magazine that you can learn to speak German in a week taking LSD. I shout loose German sounds to make believe to myself—as a child would play Puff the credit my life as being reborn from taking LSD. I find myself wanting to call LSD—Hell's Angel. I never really became a Hell's Angel until I took LSD. Not to speak of becoming a man and finding myself. I have confidence in myself completely. LSD is a medicine not a drug. I only hope it gets

in the right hands, and is used for Love rather than Fortune and Fame. After taking acid I saw life as a chess game. The Hell's Angels were the horsemen of the game in my eyes and mind. They are definitely needed in the trip of love which Magic Dragon. German is the language of confidence. I will control the earth in the future. Although they use violent tactics, the Hell's Angels leaders, which are the majority, have the instincts of love.

May I clear my formula of man and make it more clear what man stands on . . . of what controls men. There is life, soul and death, which can be used as a definition in Medicine. The characters of man are Love, Fortune and Fame. In the United States, which is the only country I know of, the reason I speak to say this, bases itself on Fortune and Fame. This is all you will hear in traditional songs and books you read when they are related to the United States. Never will you read or hear *Love,* Fortune and Fame. Love is the main character in mankind, I look to debate with any man on the subject of Love, Fortune and Fame. I know I am right and I wait to be proven wrong. Anyone who reads this and doubts it will they please get in touch with me.

Trueness and Love is in front on the table. The English language blows my mind. The English language has to be formalized in order to understand it. Every word has three meanings or more. But only one meaning is the true one. It gives a wonderful opportunity for people to backtalk and sidewind. No wonder there are so damn many law books. I believe in medicine. And medicine to me is dope. Such as LSD, for the benefit of mankind. I feel that in the near future men will be able to live forever, forever-lasting, through uses of medicine such as LSD and newer experiments. I hope that soon the production lines will turn into human parts. There is no doubt that this will happen. There is a philosopher whose theory states that there will only be one sex. This is not to be laughed at—even now Mr. Average Phony Citizen states, "What was that, a boy or a girl?" when a person walks by in their natural self, meaning their hair is grown out naturally and they haven't been in a beauty parlor in the last two days.

Getting back to the future and theory of one sex, this I believe and am definitely convinced because of all the chaos among men in this era. One of the phases must control—the phase of Love will control. I further believe there will be no reproduction when mankind reaches its climax and is fully developed. When this era reaches full development of man there will be mothers and fathers and their children and then reproduction will be closed out completely, because this generation will never die. They will control the earth forever, forever-lasting, they will be God. They will be one

hundred percent descendants of the Statue of Love. There will no longer be reproduction of Fortune and Fame cats after all the bombs and b.s. of the mixed-up minds of men will be cleared off the earth—Love will overpower and rule, for God is Love.

A Hell's Angel is supposed to be a person of hatred against his time which he lives in. He likes no one, furthermore loves no one, and furthermore only depends upon his brothers. I talk this to my people, what I just said here, and they listen and add on. And yet burst out in violence and hatred from day to day. But the Hell's Angels' true instincts are of love. If they are not they'll go down the drain with all the millions of other phony men on the earth. This is true, I know it is—I once did not believe in the Bible, not a word that came out of the Bible. It seemed as though it was a farce for the crippled minds that needed a crutch. But from LSD I saw that the Bible was a rendition of the prophecy of a way-out, hip person who wrote it. The fantastic statements that come from the Bible, that are cursed and mocked as being far-fetched, have to be considered and understood as one would understand a poet. You must formalize a code in the words from the Bible. One must not be naive and ignorant and mock the Bible. When reading the Bible as reading poetry one can then see that what is said in the Bible has much deep thought and imagination of truth. A paragraph can be a book of truth. And I cursed it for years and years and only recently my last LSD trip set me straight—after I came down I know there must be some theory of truth in the Bible which no one could mock and knock down. I would debate with an atheist now.

It was the twenty-second day of July, the year 1965. I had just left Reno, Nevada—and behind me a wife and child. My mind was very young in youth and torn and mixed up. I'd been an expensive parasite and had not known it really, and I had come back to the Hell's Angels. My mind wandered, I had no feeling of security, my road was suicide. I had attempted it in Reno—with a gun and with drinking turpentine. I threatened to drink turpentine, acid and paint thinner, and I threatened to shoot myself with a .38 as a last attempt to hang onto my wife. I had borrowed the gun from a fellow employee at Harold's Club Casino. My intentions were to kill myself, if my wife could not let me remain with her and my child. My insides felt as if they were bleeding constantly. It was all I could do to face my Hell's Angel brothers. I am thankful to them even at this time, cause only I know the shape I was in.

We were on a weekend ride for we had been invited to visit Ken Kesey at his house in La Honda, in the county

of San Mateo. All of us were amazed at his house and the grounds surrounding it. It was as though we were in the land of Oz.

I was given a capsule of LSD—a very strong and potent cap of LSD was given to me by a girl I'll never forget—her name was June. Long straight blond hair, of Scandinavian descent. She'll always remain in my mind as a dream-like person. At the time I understood acid to be a mere stimulant. I hadn't done much tripping on dope other than weed, and I'd geezed crystal one time before I'd moved to Reno with my wife and child. So my system wasn't doped, and I was easily put on a heavy stimulant trip taking any kind of drug because my system was clean.

I put the cap of acid in my mouth and swallowed it when she handed it to me. She gasped in amazement and said, "You took the whole thing!"

I said, "Yes, I want to be able to stay awake." Not knowing what LSD was, not thoroughly understanding it.

She then gave me advice as to when I started getting high, which I let go in one ear and out the other, because I did not think it was that serious at the time.

June really had Soul, I remember now. I'll never forget her, because she gave me the first cap of acid. I never had the mind then to give anyone credit. At the time I was a perfect symbol of the newspaper image of a Hell's Angel. I trusted no one. I felt no love and did not understand love other than sex. Love meant sex to me.

The air was hot—it was a warm summer night. Everything was beautiful as far as life—but I couldn't see it. In the cabin at the side a sex orgy was goin on. I'm tryin to describe the scenery in the La Honda pad—when I took the acid just as I was goin up. Still at this moment, my mind was ripped with sorrow and pity for myself, because of my wife turning against me. There was a mama which we agreed upon to be the best one we'd ever had. She was a La Honda girl—I never saw a person enjoy sex more in my whole life. After going through waiting in line and making it with her I then walked to the house by myself. Everybody was stoned out of their mind on weed and wine. Ken Kesey had on a white robe with a hood and was wiring up speakers over a forty acre radius. There was a speaker the size of a house on a hill across the roadway. Bob Dylan wailed "Subterranean Homesick Blues." I remembered hearing it on the radio but it still went in one ear and out the other. I began to feel stimulated, stimulated like I never felt before. My sorrow and grieving started to leave me in a firelike way. I began to dance with the women, with our women and with the La Honda women. I really felt at ease dancing with strange women. They were all so beautiful with their long

hair. Their natural body odors smelled so good. Not one of them was trying to impress anyone. This I noticed as being different. Even then in my small mind I admired it.

I was attracted to Hunter Thompson's wife. That's the guy who wrote the book *Heli's Angels*—he was there. But it makes a difference how I was attracted to her. I was attracted to the beauty of a woman for the first time. I don't think one time during the high of my acid did I think of my wife. If I had of, it would have been a mark of evil. I no longer think dirty or filthy of women since I took LSD. The room began to swirl, the music was distorted—I then began to grope and remember that June had warned me it would do this. I remembered one thing and held onto that one thing, the one thought that *it was not my mind*—it was the LSD that caused distortions. Anyway, it was like a challenge to me. I did not care because I had nothing behind me to lose.

I heard Bob Dylan sing "Like a Rolling Stone," and man, I felt good. I remember him singing.

"When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose.
You're invisible now, you got no secrets
To conceal."

I fell magically in love with the words that were being sung. These strange words that meant so much. It was a new feeling that I'd never felt before or ever thought of feeling. I saw a speaker in the trees behind the house. I wanted privacy with this prophet of music, so I climbed the tree and got right in next to the speaker where no one could see me. I felt as though my mind aged a decade with each Dylan song. And like a miracle they kept playing Dylan. When the Beatles were singing I would wait and run over what I'd heard and jump inside with excitement. I felt as though I had a mind that was mine for the first time in my life. I knew then and there what material was to work with and I had some for the first time.

I could observe my people and their old ladies from where I was, and I could read and see that state of mind every person was in . . . What was to become a formula later—Love, Fortune, Fame—was as far as I got in characterizing a state of mind each of them was in. In other words, I didn't have the formula then. But if I had I could have said, there's a Fame-cat, there's a Fortune-cat, there's a Love-cat.

The Hell's Angel mind has rapidly expanded within the past year, since we came into contact with LSD. It has held us tighter together. We know that we can never be broken up. As Bob Dylan sings: "There are no kings inside the gates of Eden . . ."—we, the members, the majority, see

this thing clear. This is why we'll never be crushed or broken up. Furthermore, this is why there will always be Angels Forever Forever Lasting. Meanwhile, my mind listened on into the night. I knew that I would pick up listening to Bob Dylan, and I knew I had a fantastic future in roads to come. My mind was stripped completely. I felt as though I had been reborn and later I know I was.

eight

George gave me this pack of Kent cigarettes with four cigarettes in it. I asked him, "How come you give this to me?" He said, "I just want to give you something."

George has a mischievous mind but George is good. He's been a Hell's Angel for all of eight years, during which time he has been the vice-president of the Frisco Chapter, except for when he did his three-year prison term after an exploding burst of thievery. George is a beautiful master thief. He is now with the Oakland Chapter. He feels and knows in his years of thirty-two that it is time to promote into the most active and leading branch before the task weathers him gray in years.

Gloom spells that come over you like clouds and storms —ain't nothin you can do about it.

I've got a secure feeling that has come over me since I realized it is wrong to commit suicide. My depressed feelings are not in chaos any more. I accept them—on the same level as I accept a cold. Every time I became depressed over any little matter, such as a gray day like this one, I actually felt that being dead would be a better trip and I sat and contemplated on it. But now I can no longer contemplate any more than I could stand and decry that I am not a man in this generation.

You should see my room. The only thing missing now is my six-foot-high easel and my paints which are with my brotherly-like friend Chuck Lewis, whom I'm doing a painting for in his home. But the swirls of color through lighting —electric lighting—is still the same.

I have grown very fond of yellow light. Yellow. I have yellow light bulbs and I paint light bulbs yellow. I live on the street level underneath two large flats. One might think of it, when passing by on the street, as a basement. But you

walk through the narrow little walkway on the side of the apartment houses and come upon my wooden door. I have a very sacred feeling of closing the door behind me. I've many colored carpets and rugs. I have one large stuffed chair—it looks like a half of a sofa that's been sliced with a sword. Behind it, hanging from the ceiling, is the rich, draped in red, very well-known Nazi flag. I stole it from a Gypsy Joker—these are known to the public as outlaw motorcycle riders. We know them for exactly what any man of realness knows when observing a phony. The Gypsy Jokers were treading on our sacred-like rights of what we stand for for one another. They in their imitation-like way at the corner hotdog stands throughout our wonderful city of San Francisco pollute the air and it reflects in our image. And they've almost succeeded in branching out in chapters throughout the whole state. They read the newspapers and try to follow the comic strips in their imitations of us.

Under the yellow lights I read. I started reading last night. For at least four hours I read last night. I was exhausted totally when I started to read. My bed—a mattress on the floor, covered with colorful quilts—lays upon a white rug. Many pillows surround it. The ceiling is very low. The room is very dry in its woodlike essences. It is my home. As I read into sleepiness, because I had been up for three days and I had no more crystal, I had to stop. So I found out when I woke up. But when I arose in the morning I saw about me my pens and especially chosen notebook for the occasion. I had read four pages. I had taken down approximately five notes. It was from the very beginning of the Book of Genesis, Moses' first book.

In the very center of the room, and it has always been there since the first day I moved in, stands a pillar of wood which holds up the ceiling. Near it I placed my pole lamp the first day I moved in. It has three lamps hanging from it. Two of them are red and one is yellow. From the yellow one hangs a skull, a net over its head. A horn hangs from the top lamp and a lantern hangs from the third lamp. From the horn a silken cord of gold hangs. I can reach up and jerk it off. I use it to tie off my arm when I geeze. A medallion hangs from the skull. A crusader medallion, I am sure, in the shape of the iron cross. I've tripped out so much on this lamp when I was on LSD—that's why I'm tryin to describe it. It becomes flame at times in the redness of the bulb —distortions of color, while the skull will talk during my LSD flashes.

I've looked up at the skull while waking up and it would be smiling. I cannot fear it though it is horrible, stained and red, and black smoke runs along the jagged bonelike structure. Everyone always asks—is it real? I usually answer that

it is real to its own extent. I been asked many times and I don't know what to say. Never.

Also next to the pole lamp is a metal standlike table. Draped over it is a red cloth. A black iron candleholder sits on one corner; adjacent to it is a *long* ugly dagger used by the soldiers in our recent war, but all in all it looks ancient. My harmonica I usually lay on a stand on one corner of the table. Everything has meanings in my room. Against one wall to the right of my bed, there is a drape of many colors hanging from the ceiling directly across from the Nazi flag and wall mirror. The drape of many colors laps over a long benchlike stool. On the ledging of the wall, a very large mirror sits. The reflections of the red in the mirror—it doesn't matter on LSD or not—look like sundown. The mirror swirls the whole room around in electricity color. The mirror is half the height of the ceiling, and many things are placed on the bench which sits directly in front of it. The bench has a large dictionary and the *I Ching*—a large gold ashtray sits on the bench that is lapped by the drape of many colors. Also a large candle of orange wax that never drips; I light it every time I enter the room and blow it out when I leave. My psychedelic medicine man who I score acid from gave me this candle. If it ever does melt I must go get another one. The mirror is a half oval in shape —five feet by five feet wide. I feel as though I'm shaming it when I try to describe it. One might think I had taken too much acid when trying to explain my home but anyone who has been in it does not have this impression. I usually invite them to sit in my large chair directly across from the mirror on the far wall. Directly behind them—in the mirror—is the Nazi flag. The lights swirl in front and again in the mirror. Anyone with imagination, even the extreme critics, suddenly gets on this, "WOW, I've always wanted to go to the Planetarium." They don't ever say it but I can sure feel it. It makes them feel very good, in a silent friendship pattern, these illusions that this interior brings into the mind.

When I was three years of age my parents were divorced and I was taken to be raised by my grandfather in the Ozarks of Missouri. He was seventy years old when I was twelve. He loved me. But he screamed and hammered the fear of God. I know when I reach my four score and seven years I will look exactly like him. I remember him saying—"Four score and seven years I have reached. And I have read the Holy Bible eleven times, and each time it gets much better and better, better and better . . ." The stories he told me out of the Bible were very warming and mysteriously interesting, but when I went into my years of delinquent youth I kicked it then like kicking at pebbles forgetting them as I forgot him. His eyes of blue and his snow-white hair and his

wrinkled and worn hands, his tongue accented from age of man. In a time of poverty he talked of poverty, and the humbleness that poverty gave him, while my grandmother remained silent in her rheumatism. Now that I can see the lights of holiness shining as he talked of them, I can give him credit finally.

He used to talk of politics, yeah, while he was traveling into town and met another farmer on the road. If it wasn't religion it was politics. He did his voting in a phychedelic-like way. He was both Democrat and Republican from day to day but really never tried to be either, for God made man, and a politician is inventing him. He used to scream, shout rather, and swear the word "DAMNED, if I'll ever draw a pension from this government." This was at the age of seventy that he screamed this. Five years he had gone without accepting a dime—why I will understand more so as I grow older. But he really had something going. We were starving and he didn't know a damn about how many bombs were really being built, but today I believe he had received some instinctive warning not to accept a pension. I went to school at five years of age, along with my sister of near seven. She left the Ozarks at the age of eleven, leaving me in tears as my mother took her away, for it left me all alone. But I remember my grandfather picking me up from the barn floor and holding me in his arms and saying, "I just couldn't let her take you." My mother, to him, was always evil, for she had left us, my sister and I, for a barroom and a cigarette. I knew he loved me and I felt that even then as he held me in his arms and told me, "We're goin to do a lot of good things together." It hurts to talk about my grandfather, for to this day I don't even know if he is dead or alive. I only know by now decay of the world has got his mind. I know they'd never get him into a rest home. I hung him up in the bitterness of my youth, but I feel he will bring forth light in my memories of his ancient-like ways in my days to come. What a good person! and I always knew it but I don't talk about him to anybody. It's been eleven years since I really got to feel what he was giving me then.

At the age of twelve I left my grandfather to go with my father. He had married again. I was excited then. My grandfather was old and weary. He let me go with the solemness of an old prophet.

A year later I was brought back to my grandfather when I was near fourteen to spend summer with him, in order to stay out of reform school. In my rage of youth I had stolen, I had followed my sister's footsteps, who was then in the reform school. My father was a railroad man, and he could not use words but he had a heart. He took me to the

state of Washington where the woman he had married lived with her two daughters and younger children. She did not need the extra burden of raising another child. We spit fire at each other from the first, and I went into a stage of deep rebellion, condemning all and everything.

The summer that I was brought back to my grandfather, in the weariness of his mind, they were living in Texas, where they had moved from the Ozarks, due to reasons of age and to be near their youngest son, John, a healthy construction worker, who provided for them. When I asked permission to hitchhike back to Washington, my grandfather let me go. I thumbed my way along the highways in all amazement and wonder. I met many people. I had many rides. I was left once at the peak, at the summit of the Rocky Mountains near Leadville, Colorado, by a man who was testing some tires. Today, I can't think he was in his right mind taking me and dropping me off on the summit, but it was in the freshness of warm July nights, and the rocky hills and mountains of Colorado were beautiful. Many people gave me money. Many old ladies of farmers who gave me rides would scold me, then their husbands would offer a place for the night. I always took the money for I had left Texas with only fourteen dollars. Near the federal penitentiary in Colorado where the valleys were full of sheep I got a ride with a truck driver who independently hauled watermelons. His name was Jack. He had just gotten out of the Navy and was double-loose. He lived with his parents outside of Colorado Springs. I went home with him to meet his parents, who were very warm and wonderful. They had a younger son of my age. I went to church with them. I was with them five days during which they tried very hard to get me to stay, not asking why I was on the road. Nor did I ever tell them. I think they understood and that is why they wanted me.

But I left them with a rage in me that the wonderful love they gave me did not quite put out. At times I often wondered what would have happened if I had stayed there as their son. But it was not meant to be, for I took to the highways.

In Grand Junction, Colorado, I ran into this hobo-like vagabond whose way was the railroad. He persuaded me to leave my highway and go with him through the night to Salt Lake on the freight cars. I went into the freight yards and sat down alongside the rails with other hobos and listened to them talk of the jungles and the railroad bulls. They were drinking canned heat and boiling chicken over a fire by their cardboard huts. They were all very warm and looked at me with a very understanding heart—and then and there it did happen. The railroad bulls took away my wandering mind.

I was locked in a cell with men of all ages in the town of Grand Junction, where I had to wait. I was very hurt at being taken out of the explosion of manhood that I was entering into while on the road. Now I was being pried upon. It took six days before they found out where my parents were. My father sent special delivery train tickets for me to come home on. I left the jail cell escorted by a cop with a full beard on a bum trip.

In this jail cell I got the first blowjob I ever had in my life, from a man who was a drunkard but a homosexual unashamed. The jail to me, at the age of fourteen, was exactly what I had never ever thought about, I only detested it. The bars . . . The men who were the prisoners were all but double-good. They were originals of the road. One whose name was Crabby made me laugh. He had a knack for making people feel good, while others paced the floor letting their covers come off of the crimes they had fallen for in the scheming world. Everything was gloomy except for the new experiences with the minds of men that I could now share because I had no address. My fourteen years made no difference. I wonder if they still put fourteen-year-old boys in with men twenty-one years of age and over? Colorado is kind of bluenose, and it gets more so, it seems, as you leave behind the rolling hills and the country minds of the South.

I feel as though I was deprived for the first time of Nature's greatness by cops. I know I was deeply deprived for my one-way ticket took me directly into the reform school without even a fair trial. There was no trial. They took away my two switchblades in Colorado, and gave me nothing but rules and regulations to follow until I reached the age of eighteen. Green Hill School for Boys, training school, rehabilitation Center . . . name em all. Psychiatrists, the ink blot tests . . . *Would you right now draw us a picture of a girl on this side and on the reverse side draw a picture of a man?* These were some of the drumming words that I first heard upon entering the hallways of this I'll-never-know-what—man's trip to sway a mind that only wanted to be free and left alone.

I was a man then, though all I heard was *"kid."* You've got to be a kid. —And all the young vicious animals of my own age in their unbalanced hatred, the discontent, the curses they spat out at each other. Fighting to become nothin. I learned to box while I was there. They had all kinds of recreation. Lots of good food. A new program was always in effect. But I was being chained. I could not get back out on the highway. This I had been warped into knowing. I longed for contentment, but I only grew more mixed up. Finally came the day when my sister sent for me, for she

had now left her reform school and become a bride with a child. The letter was wonderful. The words were of California—the northern part. She had married a logger. The excitement was a blinding explosion in my mind. I was finally given a ticket out of this hell that I had had to live in. I left the state of Washington on the bus and not once did I look back.

nine

My bike is being put back together. We're rebuilding it because someone rode it while I was in jail. My bike to me is very sensitive. I can feel the least little thing wrong with it as I'm riding it. I knew my frame was busted. I had to have a new frame. When I got on it and rode it, after serving my jail sentence. I could definitely tell it had been mistreated by someone. One thing, in particular, my rear sprocket was very loose. I noticed right away. Whoever the rider or riders were that rode my motorcycle while I was in jail had been trying to walk it. This is when a person without instincts or sensitiveness will rev the engine up to high rp's and release the clutch, thus the bike will lay a strip of rubber coming off its front tire. This looks impressive to the fools around the hotdog stands but the poor bike is drug through confusion, like a child with three and four mothers and never knowing a father.

I have kept the bike painted a black primer. It is hard to describe my motorcycle, yet it is within me—I have deep feelings for it. I always called it my old lady after I lost my wife. I have never been with another woman since I lost my wife. I have lived with women for short periods not over two weeks in the last year and a half since I left her. My bike has replaced a woman in the sense of love for something near. It's hard to compare a motorcycle with a woman but yet it isn't in the sense of being-togetherness. The first time I ever rode my bike while under the influence of LSD I loved it. While sitting upon it and hearing the engine underneath me as it throbbed, I rode across the small bridge at the La Honda pad of Ken Kesey and onto the

highway with tears in my eyes. And it was as if the pipes would talk to me when I would let them back-off in my ear. And as I would wind through the gears up the windy highway and then turning around and coming back down they would back-off in a thundering echo. This is hard to describe, if I could only do it in words fully it would be wonderful for my ears to hear.

SHE SPEAKS
WITH THE THROB OF HEARTBEAT
AS SHE STANDS STILL
I'LL WALK UPON HER
IN THE LIGHT OF ANY HOUR
AND GAZE
IN LOVE
AND WONDER
BEFORE I KICK HER OVER
I TAKE MY LITTLE BLANKET OF MANY COLORS
OFF OF THE TANK
THAT DRAPES DOWN OVER THE VERTICAL ENGINE
THE WIRING ON HER IS VERY IMPORTANT
AS I RAISE UP TO GIVE THE
HEALING THRUST
THAT BRINGS HER TO LIFE
AND ROAR OFF
INTO ANY LAND
TOGETHER
FOREVER FOREVER.

I can't wait to get it running. It's one of those things, I am not a mechanic. I do not have mechanical instincts. I do but I don't want my bike to be unprofessional—and it would be if I repaired it all by myself. So I have to wait for our precision-like mechanics to work on the technical parts.

I have never broken down on a run. I will not let my bike get in a state where it will break down. I can ride it for half a block and it's as though she will tell me if she can go on a five-hundred-mile trip and back because she knows exactly how I ride her. This I feel and know. I've got six years wrapped into my motorcycle. I bought my bike from a Chinaman. It was in very good condition. He is a member now, and has been for three years. And I knew when I bought it from him he felt the same. Thus it gave me even a greater more protective instinct toward my iron. My bike was once stolen while I was on a gambling trip in Nevada. Someone broke the lock, rewired the switch and rode it furiously into the night, taking it out to the windy beach near Playland and, while trying to roar around the twisted

hill of the Cliffhouse, known as Geary Street, had gotten off and slid sideways underneath a car. A young highschool lad had done this. His parents of good nature immediately were ready to make restitution. His father, an old-time mechanic with the instincts of modifying engines, talked deals of working her over again after I got out of jail. I could then buy her back. It was so mangled from the wreck that one of the heads and barrels was broken off. The Chinaman and I went and picked up my motorcycle.

You know how one feels when he goes to see a friend he loves on his deathbed in a hospital. That was the way I felt when I went into the garage which had towed my bike from the scene of the accident. The frame had been twisted and the barrel which had been broken off looked like the cracked skull of a human being. We could not talk as we loaded it onto the threewheeler and took it downtown to the Harley-Davidson dealer the Chinaman worked for. If I had not been going up for sentencing on a burglary charge I would not have sold my bike to this old-time mechanic, but knowing that I could buy her back when I got out, I made the deal to get money to take care of all my bills before going to jail. Upon getting out of jail I finally got back to the garage of the old-time mechanic. He took me downstairs knowing that I would be happy and there she stood—*beautiful*. He had repaired her in a precision-like way. I immediately set up insurance and made a deal with him—so much money a month and I was back on her, roaring and talking. We could have gone off into the clouds right then.

It would have been a perfect time, but there was someone else who in the end turned out to have the instincts of a Delilah. And I was forced to take my bike back to the old-time mechanic and tell him of my lover and a small child and that I was going to leave San Francisco and go with them into the land of Reno, Nevada, in order to stay away from my people, who do not mix with the lines of society and marriage and wife and children. It was a heartbreaking compromise, and my choice would not be the same today. For I deeply fear women and, in turn my love is for a mechanical motorcycle that cannot be compared to any other motorcycle or any other mechanical object. As I said, in the end my lover turned into Delilah. I was ridded from the land of Reno by the law. Directed off by a psychiatrist —never to come back again. Forced away from the child and woman forever. I went back to the land of my people in San Francisco. and they took me back.

Though I had no bike I knew I was soon to get mine back. I would lay in my garage-like home in the Mission District and all around me were old worn-out parts of my love. But

she was not with me. She was with the old-time mechanic. I had no money. I could not bring myself to seek work and struggle to get my bike again. In order to get what I thought was rightfully mine I knew I had to take the instincts of thievery and put them to work. I used to lay on my back and think and plan the theft, for I knew exactly the layout where my bike was. Now the old-time mechanic, thinking that I would never be back, had modified my bike to make it a racer. Yes, it was just before three o'clock in the morning on that first day of August that I crept over the wall of the flower garden behind the garage, slipping through the flower beds and through the rear door that led into the garage. I knew that the old-time mechanic had sold my bike already to a seaman who had the instincts of a racer. I felt justified in taking it, and I knew he would be covered by insurance. As I crept through the door and across the garage floor, the family was sleeping upstairs. I was wired heavily on crystals. I had a keen sense of hearing. My sandaled feet made not a sound as I coaxed the family's Doberman pinscher, who remembered me and made not a sound and lay back down in his sleep. I had heard of the modifications of the engine, and I did not like it compared to the way the old mechanic had built the bike for me at first. And there she was with those gigantic special-made heads and dual Delato carburetors. And a LONG racing seat on which the yielding racer can lay back while ripping off at the drag strip.

I looked around and saw my small Bates seat . . . I almost wanted to mount it back on there in the stillness of the garage. I groped for light, striking match after match. I struck the switch of an air compressor. With lightning instincts my fingers turned it back off as it turned over three revolutions. I could feel the vibrations of mindwaves jerking in their sleep upstairs, but not a toe touched the floor. My heart beat *heavy but in a steady throb*. For she was mine and I was going to have her. As I examined the heads I could see they were my originals, but they had been modified. Anyway, I got off the trip! I knew I couldn't work on the bike right there in the garage. Once again my thoughts ran wild as to how I could get it out without making noise opening the garage door.

It was all of an hour that I was inside the garage in the stillness of the night. The time was now near four and I had to make the break. I knew the garage door would make a grinding sound when I lifted it, so I slowly turned my bike around, its nose towards the street, and went into a countdown . . . checking all sounds. With the turn of a wrist, and flicking the safety off the lock, all in the same movement, the garage door went up—in the creaking and

grinding of a second. My feet were flashing as I went into the street.

I was pushing her, running alongside, my heart going into thundering beats, for I knew that inside the house all were now awake. I straddled my motorcycle on the run knowing that it would go into a thundering roar. But I had overlooked one thing—a chain was missing from the rear of the bike. I slapped it into gears with nothing happening. Then I noticed what was wrong. I then came back off the bike while it was still moving. As we both ran into the night down the street panting and puffing we were both doing our dancing. Behind me I did look once as I turned the corner—only a block away I could see the lights of the house in the quiet street. My mind groped for new thoughts of strategy. I had to make it. And there was a hand that guided me as I went into a dead-end street. The hand was good, for at the end was a pathway which led into another street which was the dead-end of another. Here I could stop and let my heart retime its beat. In the darkness of this district and its quiet, small, dead-end streets I stopped and put down the kickstand knowing that I would have to get help. So I immediately parked my bike next to a car in the darkness of shadows where it couldn't be seen from a distance of eleven feet. Backing away from her I counted the steps. What a confusion my mind was in! But she smiled at me from her gleaming chrome. A car burst around the corner coming into this dead-end street, but I stood fast in the armor of a thief. It was two young playful hotrodders, who, luckily for me, would be on the side of a bike rider and who wouldn't suspect me of being a thief when they saw me standing near my bike. Noticing that they were looking, as they stopped, I turned and walked towards the car, and said, "Dig, I've got some trouble with my iron. I just pulled down here off the boulevard because it is quiet and dark. Could you kind of keep an eye on her, while I go for help?"

They offered to help. But I said, "No, it is a wiring problem, and it would be better if I went and got help." The lad who obviously looked up to me said, "I'll watch over her for you, for this is where I live, in this house right here."

I then turned and went out of the quiet little street, making circles to where my car was parked, which my bike would soon replace.

As I approached my car, I caught sight of a man in a housecoat and slippers on my right. Realizing it was the old-time mechanic standing on the corner, I moved off left across the boulevard. I knew his ears must have picked up the sound of those mighty carburetors in the predawn stillness, and I wondered if he was thinking I had anything to do with the theft. For a while I stood behind some rose-

bushes until I saw that he had gone away. I looked up at the heavens: the stars were twinkling and everything was still and quiet. I moved out onto the street again and immediately went to see Marc "Puff" Conti, the old Hell's Angel. His wisdom I needed and the strength of his arms. As I stood over him explaining what I had done, he smiled in his sleepy way and rose from his bed and went with me.

The whole theft was very spiritual. It was as though my ears heard hymns being sung. It was so dark and utterly quiet. The stars in the heavens were the light I needed and all I needed. I never once felt bad or felt I was a thief.

THERE ARE THIEVES
BUT THERE ARE TWO SIDES
IN THE NIGHT
BOTH OF THEM CAN WALK
ONLY ONE
WILL HAVE A LIGHT SHINING
FOR GUILT
HAS BEEN HANDED
ONLY FROM ONE PALM
THE THIEF OF RIGHTEOUSNESS
SHALL NEVER HAVE TO FEEL GUILT
FOR HIS LOVE IS WITH HIS FEELINGS
AND IN TURN HE CAN ALWAYS LOOK UP
WITH NEVER EVEN THE THOUGHT OF LOOKING BACK
I, A HELL'S ANGEL, FEEL I HAVE OVER ME
GUARDIAN ANGELS
EVEN WE HAVE LOST ANGELS FROM THIS EARTH
WHICH IS HELL.

ten

It was the Fourth of July, 1966, run for the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club newly brought together under the California rocker. We were heading towards Bass Lake. This is an annual run of the year, not always to the same place, but Bass Lake has been our scene on several Fourth of Julys. All seven chapters arrived at the lake in the early morning hours of the Fourth of July weekend.

There before our eyes was the special squadron of cops assigned to the Hell's Angels. Buckingham, the head of it,

we got to know quite well in a very short time. This plain-clothes inspector is very clever and specially trained to keep track of us. He and his special little cops had made an agreement with us that we would not give this special squad any trouble about giving them our names and letting them check out our engine numbers. In the past there was always an all-out alert on the main runs of all chapters. This caused chaos and confusion among the cops for they would all head for the designated area.

In the early days we had been forced out of Reno. And the death of Lovely Larry, on the prior April run, is what really put the cap on getting this special little squadron of cops to take care of us. The place where Lovely Larry was killed was Assafocko Lake near San Luis Obispo. It was a specially called run in April because everybody wanted to get out on a spring run. As it turned out a large mob of cops of all kinds descended onto the area around the lake where we had camped. There were approximately three hundred of us, three-quarters on motorcycles. The cops had a field day with roadblocks. Many bikes were confiscated. The cops had planned this as one of their definite big steps in breaking up the Hell's Angels. With Armies of policemen in helicopters they just figured they'd walk right in and show us how it is, and show us that State Attorney General Lynch wasn't fooling when he said, "All-out war on the Hell's Angels . . . Statewide investigation . . ." As I said sometime before, as Lovely Larry went through the roadblocks, one after another, they blew his mind because he hated cops when they pushed a man. And then the report said that he was run over by an unidentified motorist. There was no car cited. I mean how could there be—there were so many squad cars on the highway! And they drug him away by the feet—first-aid treatment California-Highway-Patrol style recommended by all . . . The whole country loves it . . . backs them up all the way. Well, so here we are. I've run it down so I don't have to go through it again. So we'll just jump right back to Bass Lake which is the next run after Larry's death.

And here we are with the special little squadron, like I say, checking out the motorcycles. This time they weren't so perked up and popping off at the mouth. I think all the cops and especially the assigned investigators well knew who carried the guilt of Lovely Larry's death. They sure made a definite change awful fast.

This time there was only one little roadblock leading into our special encampment area. If there were any cameras they were well hidden. Nobody saw any helicopters. The cops at the gate kept all outsiders away from us. The Gypsy Jokers were headed for Bass Lake too, along with scores of

other motorcycle trip hangers-on. We had arrived first, naturally—it was our scene, as it will always be. But we told the cops to let all the other little outlaw clubs in. A lot of us had specially in mind the Gypsy Jokers, due to the fact that they had been branching out throughout the state. Whether it was a rumor started by one of our war-mongers or not doesn't matter, but it was said, "The Gypsy Jokers are going to come together and branch out, and after organizing enough they are going to kick the ass of the Hell's Angels." Everybody was heated up over this story but, as they rode in, we stood back and smiled and waved them on in. For a whole afternoon we let em sit around and drink and speak to us. And then it went into the first night of the weekend when a few of their women on the mama level were dragged off without a sound bein made, and a few of the tough-looking characters were accidently dropped into the lake from the overhanging cliff. They were big and strong and they made it back up. Accidents in the quiet night.

It was a warm night and a little fog rolled off the lake. There were a lot of weeping willow trees, a lot of sycamore, alder, oak and even more evergreens. In the night it was pitch black only a few feet from the bonfire—a huge bonfire of tree trunks—yet a few feet away it was very dark. We hadn't planned anything the first night as far as putting it on the Jokers and the rest of these loose-like cats—here today and gone tomorrow—as to what the trip is that they're smelling up, with their short sleeves and makeup frowns and sneers. Because we had two days to go, we left that night up to our individual sex deviates, for all the perverts were havin a trick or treat. While the rest of us stood about the fire and discussed the mind trip in the future, on the level of chess-game Angels. Though it wasn't spoken of and stressed as a chess game we all knew it was to be. Meanwhile out in the tules in pairs of two and three, the loose, outlawed women who came with these hotdog characters were being tasted by all of our master deviates. These were their finest hours as they would gruel and grin going down to scarf their box and trying to make them wince and scream as much as possible. Every now and then you'd hear the slapping whapping sound of a long black bull-whip. On the other end of it always and forever—was Blind Bob. Blind Bob, the leading sexual insane Hell's Angel. Need I say what chapter he is from? The newspapers and the magazines all run him down but never will they ever get the point. If they knew they'd surely blow it. For I have never read or never heard of anything to likely compare to Blind Bobby.

He swings the black whip above his head cracking it in the faces of strangers or anyone he might want to see squirm, yet he never has ever cut the face of a person he knew had

something going. But he'll cut the face of many a little girl who'll say, *"No, stop. I came to be here with you Hell's Angels of such colorful strength!* You men who make all the old ladies shudder and the children run out in the street. You're so brave! Don't hurt me!" And all the time most of them dig it. One out of a thousand, I should say, one out of a million is a rape case. Where they get on a bummer and think they want it this way—and in spite of it they will come back on us.

Blind Bob is mad at those pop bottle lenses of his glasses but he wears a constant grin. He always has two or three women with him all the time. They look like they're in a trance. They might even dig ripping off the clothes of another broad as he goes into his deep convulsions with his witchlike maids.

As Peter, our new president of the Frisco Chapter, says, "Every cat's got his part among us. We all cannot be the same." That's when I did tell him I agreed. He then applied chess-game terms to what he had said: Some wicked knights and rooks . . . Though there's many chapters they sure come out in a gleam.

As the sun sprang up the morning air burst in a still whiteness, the black smoky clouds had changed the trees to darkness in the daylight. It looked as though a spell had been cast upon this part of Bass Lake which was our land. We would have claimed it whether or not given the permission which we had been given. Only one time did the cops walk in: a couple of sheriff's deputies and three of Buckingham's goons. They didn't get all the way into the circle before we saw their backs turned stepping away, a little bit swaggery as they tried to hold that chest-out chin-up stance, as they departed going out the same way they came in, not saying a word, leaving nothing but wrappers of tums for the tummy.

About the area lay sleeping bags stained with wine and blood, though just a few showed bloodstains, as proof of Bobby's whip and the other deviates. Many of the girls were specially chosen Gypsy Joker women of beauty who knew damn well what the trip was when they entered our gates. The first night, only the lame men lost their women. If they would not stand up and defend their women then the deviates led them away. Though it was not still and quiet they kept it from becoming sharp and loud. Professional is not a good enough word for this Hell's Angel kind of play. It's putting it down the way it is and people had better damn well see it. Yet for eleven years or more they been coming back. The country thinks it's got some production lines; they ought to line it up with our production line of women! It would make all those suburb cats howl. They'd be lighting bonfires in the parks on election day if it were a bummer.

Meanwhile the second day grew into the hot sun. There was a stillness among all the outlawed, which is too good a word for the hotdog riders. They were getting a little worried. They were breaking the gates down trying to get out more than five at a time for breakfast, which was in the contract. We didn't want our gates broke down so we stopped them. By midafternoon of the second day all of the loose hotdog riders that were going to show up had shown up. There were so many different oddball clubs. I'd never be able to remember all of the odd names, such as Cross Men, Question Marks, etc. I could go on and on. All the strange clubs usually wear some kind of a skull on the back of their jackets. They try to get as near to copying us as possible, They're all the same as far as the way they dress, for they try to dress exactly as we do, but the trip is—they are only out to try to catch the eye of the public for a few days and then they go back to whatever trip they are really on. It is not a everyday trip for them, as it is for us, not for a lifetime.

On the lake many motorboats were wheeling around and capsizing as they veered from left to right. Many Hell's Angels were throwing their women into the water and holding them under, as if to baptize them Angel style—always naked. As the evening shadows started to move in the whole area was heavily clouded in marijuana smoke. Wood had been gathered for the night's fire. Cases of beer stood up in the air six feet high from the day's thievery and what money had been collected to buy wine and beer. This was the second night . . . it would be the most festive night of the three-day weekend. Many of the cherub-like Angels were already drunk and mad on wine. In their madness of not knowing why or giving a damn why they began to swing on strangers, occasionally slapping the face of a strange broad. Then, if her old man would not do anything about it, they would rip him completely to the ground. For instance, one broad who stood about as if she was anxious for something to happen was suddenly yanked by her long black hair and shoved. Her old man, who was nothing but a hotdog rider, of the Jokers, looked around and, instead of sticking up for her, screamed at her, saying, "GET OVER THERE AND SIT DOWN!"

One Angel says, "DON'T TALK TO HER LIKE THAT," breaking a fifth of wine over his forehead. The Joker then slumped to his knees biting the dust—out of breath forever as he fell. His broad meanwhile was yanked and thrown upon the ground, one Angel saying to her, "You'd better get yourself a real old man!" Pulling her pants off her he poured wine all over. After he'd finished, he called out, "LET'S TURN HER OUT!" Many who liked the broad immediately

got in line waiting their turn. In the background motorcycles roared like thunder as they raced down the dusty trails around and around the encampment. Occasionally one would hit a bare stump throwing rider and motorcycle into the air. No one received any broken bones during the whole weekend within the encampment. Everybody gets so loose and drunk and free on a run that they're so limber it is impossible to break a bone, I think. It was quite a usual thing to see an Angel walk over and steal the bike of a hotdog rider and go racing off into the woods, not caring if he wrecked it and himself both. Each chapter had at least one prospective member. Through the three-day meeting the prospectives of each chapter were put to the test to prove that their chapter was the best. And in turn each chapter tried to prove that its prospective was the stronger and could do the most out-of-sight things. For instance, they were all put in barrels and rolled off this long sloping cliff that runs down into the lake, as one trick in the Ceremony of Prospects. Bo from Oakland won when he didn't come up for five minutes. Bo is like a reincarnation of Houdini, but looks like a blond vicious Viking. There was so much activity going on that one could not observe all of it.

What looked like a barbarian sale of women began as the evening shadows closed in. Upon an orange crate women were being stood with their hands tied behind them and auctioned off. The sign read: CHICKS FOR SALE. WE ACCEPT ANYTHING. A tall lanky Angel by the name of Buzzard was the auctioneer. He would stand and describe the tall or shortlike broad, describing how she sucked and fucked. Quoting, "Here is a broad I have before me, who is not only a nympho, she is also a bisexual. She can take care of your old lady as well as you. What is my offer?" The beautiful broad with long brown hair and a large bust with slim hips was quickly yanked from the orange crate as the long black whip cracked around her neck and jerked her from it. This time it was someone else wielding Bobby's whip: it was one of Satan's Slaves, who are very good friends of the Hell's Angels. They are from the South—and are known for their sexual deviation, for yanking women right off the streets and taking them into their bars and raping them. The Satan's Slaves are number one when it comes to sexual diversion. They are of Satan himself.

As darkness crept in the trees seemed covered with black smoke. The moon was full and the howls of women as they were being raped rang out into the night. This was the biggest sex orgy we had ever had in our lifetime. Everyone by this time was covered with filth from falling in the lake and wallowing in the dust and sloshing wine over each other. The smell of sexual orgies reeked along with the honeywind

of marijuana. In some jagged stumplike corners of the forest certain characters were rolling their sleeves up geezing their arms full of crystal and opiates, jacking themselves completely off the ground in their insane way. Everyone was completely mad! Stark raving crazy! The hotdog stand riders had had their bikes taken away, kicked up and revved over till the engines BLEW scattering metal all over the ground. Those who had remained clean were sloshed with wine and spit on! At times a turd would come slinging through the air—shit splattering upon each other's faces. No one was to remain without filth upon his body.

In order to leave our campsite one had to follow a long winding trail that led through the trees before coming to the roadblock and the road. As some of the riders tried to leave from time to time during the night, some of the wildest Angels who had hidden themselves up trees along the roadway would jump down off the branches right on top of the bike rider knocking him from his motorcycle, leaving him sprawled out unconscious along the side of the trail. Then they'd drag the motorcycle, the broad, and the rider off into the weeds. The Angels would climb back up into the trees to wait for the next Gypsy Jokers or hotdog riders trying to escape.

From the overhanging branch of one tree, a hotdog rider was hanging by his heel after being tied and strung into the air. For who knows what—it didn't really matter. Many caps of LSD had been brought. This was an insane forest with a now higher fire that was raging into the sky. The cops did not dare come in. If they had come in they would have been ripped clean of their flesh and probably eaten.

I was high on acid by this time myself, and I could not comprehend what was happening and it probably didn't matter. The sounds were like an African jungle during the great fire when all of the animals grow angry and mad on the rampage. Anyone who was not a Hell's Angel or a close friend was smashed and beaten. Graves were being dug. I don't know if anyone was buried or not.

All night long this insane wildness went on. A jazz band was brought in from a local nightclub and forced against their will to stand by the fire and play as loud as they could. Many harmonicas blew insanely into the night—music in wild distortion. Women who had been raped during the previous days now walked along as if in a deep trance, not caring if the world had ended or not. It was as though we all hoped someone would come in trying to resist what we had started so we could rip them from bone to bone. But not once did we turn against one another. This was the closest the Hell's Angels had ever been, and we could not get any closer than we were. We loved one another and we

could not hurt one another. We only wanted to hurt *anyone* who was not one of us.

The officers all talked of how people hated us—and wanted to see an end put to us. "We must stick together. We must become as one! We are the Gods!" We cried out in insane anger.

"We must strike out against those who attack us!"

"All men wish to put an end to us! And can not!"

"When we stick together we are an army!"

"When we stick together we are an ARMY!" George cried out. "No one can stop us!"

I had already had four or five women, maybe more—I had lost count. Now all I could do was to fool about. If I did not like the woman, I bit her. I was tired and wornout. Finally I fell into a bed of hot coals which seemed to be warm. Then I went to sleep. When I awoke I was covered with black soot. My clothes had been burned but not my skin. Why, I don't know. It didn't really matter. We had all undergone a spell which we had created ourselves. It was day and time to start breaking camp. No one was stirring. Clothing lay about the ground stained and ripped. Bodies hung out of trees—some half in the water and half out. One of my nearby brothers slept inside a garbage can, his feet dangling out.

It was so still not even birds were singing. It was cold before the sun had crept over the mountain. I kicked a can trying to make some noise and found out my ears were completely plugged. When I slapped the side of my head to make them open up I heard the sound of a horn blowing. I looked about to see who was blowing it but saw no one. Then I heard the rustle of branches breaking as someone fell from a tree right into the midst of a pile of sleeping bags. Someone stood up and screamed, "You goddamned sonofabitch bastard!!"

I noticed I had stepped on a hat, containing change and a couple of crumpled dollar bills, which had been passed around by Johnny Angel, collecting for booze—is what he had said—but really he was collecting for his own pocket. It is an old Angel tradition to collect money when you are broke. The idea comes from the church where they pass a collection plate around every Sunday. Always at the start of a run you will see somebody passing a hat around to the hotdog riders and people dropping change in it. —This is supposed to be for booze but it is to fill one's own pocket and to get some money to eat on. This is usually only collected from the hotdog riders, unless an Angel is fool enough to drop a coin into it, which I doubt.

Then we broke camp, leaving behind the rumble of rubbish. The two toilets were burnt to the ground and we had

to pay seventy-five dollars to replace them. Many drunken bodies of hotdog riders were left behind to pick themselves up—if they ever did. The cops jumped back from the gates as we roared out—they, too, looked insane after the two days. We broke onto the road in a roar, and as our heads cleared in the morning summer air, we roared out of the valley back to our cities and towns in California, knowing that we had a lot ahead of us. Knowing that we had brought our minds close together over the three days, we were riding out like saints with many prophecies to be delivered. There was work to be done. We had to get on with it. The festival was over, the 1966 Fourth of July run for the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club of California.

I don't know where the Satan's Slaves are from. They come out of the San Fernando Valley, in southern California, from San Gabriel or San Joaquin—who knows? We consider them friends because they're so loose. They go into things with no thought of fear or of being afraid or anything. On the runs they always come in a big group. They are feared by the law. So we have no reason to place them in the same category as the Gypsy Jokers and all of the other hotdog riders. They were offered a charter under the Hell's Angels, but did not want it because they had had the name of Satan's Slaves for so long that I guess they feel it would be bad luck to change names now. Pete says we have to watch out for them. Pete is a great man, a man that likes to see and has a great understanding of men. He likes to talk a lot. The Satan's Slaves have no feelings for the law, just as we have none. But they take more of a destructive attitude towards the law, one that will be their own destruction if they do not watch out and are not very careful. For instance, we heard on the radio once that the landlord had evicted one Satan's Slave from an apartment house in southern California. In turn the Satan's Slaves ran through the apartments, ripping them apart, throwing the furniture into the pool, completely demolishing the house. This is why the Hell's Angels respect them, because they don't take no shit like we don't. We take care of business and then let the people ask the questions. I think we leave a very good telltale essence behind us. Either have respect for a man or this is the way you'll end up. When one thinks about it it's true. Tell me this is not the way it is going to end up in the end *end*. Need I say more? Destruction is on the menu for everyone.

The Satan's Slaves have a top rocker and bottom rocker on the back of their jackets. The top rocker reads: SATAN'S SLAVES. The bottom rocker gives the name of the place they're from, and in the center, where our death's head is, they have a bike coming forward with high handlebars and

in between the handlebars is the face of a devil. Their colors are black and white where ours are red and white. Nobody knows too much about them. All we know is that they're usually along on the runs. And they ride off together when the run is over. As we do.

We once went to San Bernardino for an incorporation meeting, the reason was to form a corporation of the Hell's Angels. There was a lawyer there by the name of Jeremiah Castelman, who had many ideas about making money, which would make him richer than everyone, naturally. We were ready for him at the Berdoo Ranch, for the officers of the chapters had brought along a tape recorder. When the lawyer saw the tape recorder he balked and stammered and stuttered with many words. For an hour or so he ran down the ifs and ands and buts of how we could make money. In the end the only chapters that were behind him were two out of seven chapters, and funny it was to note that it was the southern chapters that were behind him—the Berdoo Chapter and the Dago Chapter, both from the South.

The South is where the money is with all the movie producers, and all the production cats that want to go on the Batman trip for the Hell's Angels. We told him to take his Hell's Angels T-shirts, boots, purses, bands, and what not and shove them straight up his ass. Ralph Barger told him, over the tape recorder, "When I'm ready to use this death's head on my back to make money—that's the day I quit the Hell's Angels." And quote, "Before I see anyone use this death's head to make money, I'll kill the son of a bitch." And he meant it, just like we mean it, though it took only one of us to say it. We're not on no money trip. We hate money, and all that love it we hate.

The day will come when Blind Bob will be able to whip anyone who sells his soul for money. Right now he's just getting into practice. This earth is Hell, and when the fire comes Blind Bob is going to be ready to torture all those souls of destruction who fall for the Devil's Fortune and Fame. So you the people better rise up and off of it and start getting with the real thing. On the back of my courtesy cards I write six words: on the top it says LIFE SOUL DEATH, on the bottom it says LOVE FORTUNE FAME. I link up LIFE with an arrow. I link your SOUL with LOVE and I link your DEATH with FORTUNE, with arrows going from one word to the other. Write the six words down and line them up to see which direction your soul is headed towards. In other words, as you read your papers and books, all you'll see and hear of is FORTUNE and FAME. Have you ever asked yourself what happened to Love?

Do you know that God is Love? What happened to the creators? They're now shoved into the gutter . . . and the blasted production line has taken over. The true people on this earth are the creative people like the poets, the teachers, the painters—anyone who creates with his hands. These are people of Love, not of Fortune and Fame. Satan created Fortune and Fame. He came to the world with it. While God is Love. His people are creators as he is. In the end they will come together and Fortune and Fame will be left to burn as it is written.

eleven

When our Frisco Chapter went on a small run one weekend to the Russian River near Cloverdale, we all took spots along the cliffs of the river to watch the stars. The heavens were clear and billions of stars were out. I saw seven shooting stars, and one of them was a deep flaming one. It crossed the sky and it looked as though it stopped at the end of a long Y. The Y was made up of six stars, and the seventh star seemed to appear as the shooting flaming star streaked through the sky. I have looked for it in astrology books but haven't located it yet. But on a clear night when I look up at the heavens just below the Little Dipper, I see a long Y of seven stars. I was talking and praying to Lovely Larry when the star streaked through the sky. We can see Larry's face in the heavens. And I can talk to Larry when high on LSD and pot.

This is why I am positive that the cops ran over him. We must avenge his death, or we will no longer be Hell's Angels —we'll be only weak women and children. In order for our women to go on having our sons we must work towards the death of the cops that ran over him. I feel that Larry is a guardian Angel. He loves us and watches over us—as long as we stay strong in the eye of God.

After I got out of jail I always spent lots of time alone—this was the aftermath of Larry's death. When I would get

high up on LSD and in the peakness of it play many Dylan songs that Larry and I used to play and trip with, then I'd feel waves of shock go through me when I thought of Larry. I would stand and would feel like a mountain as I rose up, I'd call out into the night, "Come and sit by me, Larry! Oh, Larry of darkness, you the spirit in the phase of death, let us sit on one another's knee again!" In the highness of LSD I'd feel his whiskers cross my cheek and neck—as we used to hug, and I would lick his face and he would lick mine. I could feel the weight of him crushing my knees and sitting down. And I could hear him saying, "Run down the sea trip to me." And I'd go through the lines of "Bob Dylan's 115th Dream," a song known to everyone. And then we would go on to "Mr. Tambourine Man." I just know he was there with me, cause I feel he's with me right now. I love him and he loves me. I did a painting of three angels. The names of the angels were Life, Soul, and Death. I feel Larry is a Hell's Angel of Darkness now in the phase of death. And he truly holds the creative sword of God.

In my mind I go before his grave after the hour of midnight, and from a box I take a harmonica. Marked on the inside of the box it reads: The harmonica of Freewheelin Frank—This Is His Favorite One—Lovely Larry.

I stand over his grave and blow the harmonica in the darkness of night—so dark you can't see your hand in front of your eye. Around him are thousands of military graves. Upon hearing of his death I made a promise that I would come to his grave and blow the harmonica for him. He dug the way I played the harmonica. And now I feel he even digs it more. I will always do this, whenever I feel the urge. Sometimes I rise in the middle of the night and go to the graveyard, enter it and go to his grave. And blow as long and loud as I can. He and I protect the graveyard from any false and evil spirits. The military buried him, for once he sailed the high seas in the United States Navy. I think he wants me to go to sea. I have a great urge to want to go to sea. It does not matter how . . . As long as I get out there. Maybe he is nearer to the God Neptune. I think he now spends most of his time in the sea.

Pete is now our president. Pete has been a Hell's Angel for over ten years. He came from New York, out of the poverty-stricken areas. He always wears a beard. He keeps his hair cut short because he works. He does not care to hustle—such as stealing, dope selling, or any other of the common hustles of a person who does not work or hold a regular job. Pete has never been in jail. He's a very good

mechanic on motorcycles, but you could ask Pete how you do something and he could not explain. Pete learned by watching and doing it himself. He can rebuild a motorcycle better than any precision mechanic in a shop—or as good. But he cannot explain when asked how. Though it embarrasses him, I will say it anyway—he never really did learn how to read or write, but he likes to talk. He can talk about anything, other than the fine small lines, or how you do this in mechanics, or how you do that. He loves to meet people and talk to them. He is of medium build and has just hit the age of thirty. He makes it with the women double-good: he digs broads and is very good with them. He does not believe in raping broads like the papers say we do, though he wouldn't hesitate for a minute if he thought the broad deserved it. I don't think there's a man that hasn't had the urge to rape. One time Pete told me how he and Pud, a young Angel who is not with us any more, took a run through Golden Gate Park and ripped off a woman who loved every minute of it. I dig Pete, one of the first Hell's Angels I ever met. He and I have both gone through the phase of marriage and society's pliers of raising kids, and trying to buck the almost impossible kind of life that is set up for you. We both have turned our old ladies out to pasture. And we're both very old and wise when it comes to women. We have a very quick protective shield when looks are being thrown at us, and we get more women now than we ever dreamed of having when we went out trying to grab them. We went through as many as three a day apiece in the same room. When I say three in one day—that's all we had time for. We don't believe in putting it in and pulling it out. We righteously Hell's Angel turn em out. We have done in some women together.

We have both seen many Hell's Angels come and go, and most of them have gone because of a woman. We both lost our place as Hell's Angels because of a woman—but we made it back. Most of the men don't never make it back.

For instance, Pud, who I mentioned earlier, a young Hell's Angel of twenty-one, now lives in the mountains of Lake Tahoe, starving on cornbread and beans trying to make a life for Red, an ex-Hell's Angel old lady, who has about four kids—kids that we were going to raise for ours. But like a fool he took off with her to the hills. But we hope he'll be back someday. Our biggest downfall is women. We go through so damn many that it seems like sooner or later one of them always gets to an Angel before he learns the hard way. We're trying to teach our women to be more of a Bohemian contact, to get on a trip of taking care of children and keeping their mouths shut—to keep their hair brushed out long and straight. Learn how to homespin their

dresses. And when they put their tights on and get on the back of those bikes—not to start swinging their heads in the air at every person they see, for it's our job to hold the sword. The woman is there to bear our children and that's all. They tend to pull together in tight little cliques . . . And when one of them gets kicked out of a little clique she'll try to get hold of a guy and pull him away to get even. Sound familiar? Just like the American society . . . tending to stand alone against everyone . . . with a big false phony front . . . We got no time for women like this. The sooner we get em ironed out the better off we'll be . . . They're delaying our work.

I was getting ready to go to jail—it was in my younger Hell's Angel years, before I had ever married, or gotten used to the thrill of an orgasm with a woman. One night we were at a local hotdog rider's house, one of the Mofos (a motorcycle club that isn't in existence now). The next morning Ray "Howdeedoody" Honn and I were coming up for sentencing on a burglary charge. We were living in the same apartment house at the time because we had been going to court most every day. The final day had come—we had been found guilty and now we were going up for sentencing. That night at the Mofo's house there were many tender young little girls aged eighteen and not more than twenty. They were all cracking their gum, dancing about with no shoes on, swinging their heads around as if they were really living. Occasionally they would slap a Mofo in the face as if to tease him, knowing he wouldn't do anything about it. And there were Ray and I, on our last night of freedom, case-hardened mad at the world in full Hell's Angels colors. We had told each other before we left home in the side hack (which is a motorcycle with a sidecar on it) that we were really going to ball it up that night. Ray, with his winesack slung across his neck, said, "Man, I'm really going to live it up." Wheeling around the corner, saying fuck you to everybody, the sidecar coming clear off the ground, not caring if it turned over or not, racing towards this Mofo's house, which we were now standing in the living room of, watching these fillies as they bounced across the floor—not even noticing that we were there. In the fury of a stallion, I reached out ripping all the buttons off the blouse of one as she wheeled by me. Gasping, she said, "*You bastard!*" Like a flash of lightning I backhanded her across the mouth. At the same time I upswept her into my arms. With three steps I had her inside a dark bedroom squealing and clawing and pawing at my face. I told her—"Wonderful,

claw! Scratch! Scream! It is not going to do you any good for I am going to rape you!" The life kind of went out of her then as she began to cry. As I unzipped her skirt and pulled it off of her she kind of came to life again, heeheh. She kicked hard at my chest when I grabbed hold of her panties ripping them off. I held her left hand over her mouth —and loosened my pants. Her tiny bone structure and her silky skin turned me on fire from head to toe. I said, "You're too good to just take fast, I want all yer clothes off." I told her, "I'm getting up now and locking the door, I want you to take the rest of them off." In a flash I had the door locked and a low-lit lamp turned on. She lay on the bed with a blanket pulled tight around her as if she thought she was some kind of an oyster, and I, a giant diver, couldn't open it with his crowbar!

Grabbing, I threw her right up above my head. I had the strength of a stallion in mating season. Around and around I danced swinging her around over my head. Then I dropped her on the bed where she lay loose with her head spinning. And I in the armor of nakedness stood over her. "GET UP AND TAKE YOUR CLOTHES OFF—ALL OF THEM!"

Sobbing and moaning the tiny brunette stood up, saying, "Please don't hurt me!"

I told her, "No one is going to hurt you—this is going to be the best time you ever had in your life."

She asked if she could turn the light off, and I bellered out, "NO! DROP YOUR LAUNDRY!"

Sobbing as she did so, she said, "I've never made it before."

Knowing that she was lying, I said, "Good, it's been about a month since I had a virgin. The last one refused to get out of my bed."

As she lay motionless on the bed, I decided to give her a nice good break just in case she was a virgin. I started kissing her from the shoulders down across her stomach. Then I began and the juices came and made it easy. We then began to roll and slide in rhythmic rotation. I was high on crystals, and I must have gone on like this for an hour. The young filly reached orgasm after orgasm. She was double-tight but I knew she had made it before. When I got my gun I thought my whole insides were comin out. She let out a scream as I swole to double my size. There was a day when I could get a hard-on sitting around and talking like this.

When I got through I was *disgusted* and wanted more, but not her. I was ready to leave the room, but she did not say a word, just lay silent. I turned and told her, "Get dressed and come out and have some wine, the music will be a lot better now."

She said, "Don't leave me, Frank."

I told her, "There's going to be lots of times you'll get left alone so you'd better get used to it now, for this earth is Hell and you live on it."

As I shut the door behind me, the jazz from the stereo hit me straight between the eyes. At my feet were four ankles, and the ass of Ray Honn going a million miles an hour. He had about nine inches and he was ripping this chick up. He had got the husky one, the one with big bone structure. She was the kind he liked. Her legs were starting to spread like the mainsail on the mast of a ship. They were both groaning loudly. There was nobody else in the house but a couple of Mofos, who were still kissing the neck of the little blond girl, trying hard to be men but not getting down to being it. I remember hearing the little girl say, "Don't let him get at me . . ." Her blond hair all swept up in the air from the beauty parlor, and her bony little knees immediately made my dick hard.

Swinging my head with the sweat flying from it, I checked out the room. In the far corner set the puny weasly little boy who had brought the girl I had just loved and taken into the land of Oz, in the first orgasm she would never forget. He set there with his head bowed down, not knowing whether to snivel or go in the bedroom and pick up what was left. It made me furious to see him sitting there. I walked over to him and jerked the wine bottle from his hand—then guzzling it, letting the wine run down my chest, and belching and laughing rudely into his face, and then coming within an inch of his nose, I let him smell the pussy that was on my face. I said, "Why don't you go in and take care of her, sport? I've got her all broken in for you now . . . Ain't you got nothin to say?"

He still set there as though he were deaf and dumb. I said, "The least you can do is have some wine." And then I poured the bottle over his head. He sucked some up his nose and began to cough and stammer as I walked away, not giving a damn if he ever left that chair or not. This is the kind of saps and chumps that let the women in this society run over em. That broad in there on that bed had more respect for me than she did for him in his puny way. He ought to be made to wear bobby socks.

Across the room the blond in her curls and beauty parlor hairdo started squirming as I approached. I stood above her chair looking down, and her wound-up blond hairdo made a third-dimensional thought loom up in my mind: I remembered a story I once read of how a black widow spider had gotten into the hairdo of a lovely beauty parlor beautician, and she became very sick from its bite and did not know what caused her sickness. She became so stricken

and ill that she stayed home from work, barely able to brush and comb her lovely blond hair so starched was it with all the Max Factor junk that would not let a comb go through. When she was found dead one morning a black widow spider was discovered in her hair. Every time she had jammed the comb into her hair she had caused the black widow spider to bite her once more, thus stinging her to death.

Now I was going to quickly rip off this blond below me, with her swirls of Max Factor junk. I grabbed her by the ankles, jerking her off the chair and into the middle of the floor. The two puny Mofos, in their before high school graduation experience, danced tangos around her, laughing. Her screams were drowned out by the loud music and the smell of wine and sweat. We made love upon the rug until she moaned as I moaned for the final time before I went to jail.

When I left, Ray was ripping off the blond chick and I could hear screams from the bedroom as someone else ripped off the one I had ripped off first. Everybody was making love violently.

To lay the trip down, of my new feelings of understanding, of woman, Man, and Woman, I'm a man. I am a woman. Women in this era of hatred work as Delilahs. There are few who have the instincts that they were put here for. Until such a time, which I never worry if it ever happens, I will wait for such a woman. I will never be taken on a road of evilness again. I never did have a love of mankind until I went through the experience of marriage and standing by my wife as she bore me a son. In all open-mindedness I gave all. All I had. I feel I lost only because the twisted morals of this society infiltrated my mind, at the time the mind that tried to follow the evil ways which are laid out for every young girl and boy, a pattern of destruction when they join hands before a marriage counselor or any altar. If they only knew that they could never follow this ugly, dreadful pattern. I know now but it is too late. I could say, if I had my wife back, but I don't even want to go into it.

Barbara was her name. There was a feeling so deep. I can't explain. Let's see now. When I looked at her the blood tingled and rushed through me. For Love in every way I had been taught. I could not stop thinking of her the year and a half we were together. When other men talked of their wives even then I would not let a word go of how true my feelings were for her. They were there yet I could not bring them

out. For everything in front is guilt in this way of man and woman except for the trueness that lies within and is never talked about. Only if I had known it consciously then. My subconscious mind was what ruled my love for Barbara. Now it would be my conscious mind . . . Both Dean, my son Dean, and Barbara I know I'll never have again. But I still love her as well as him. She had hair of gold in the trueness of sunshine. She was very thin and small. But her strength was like a ballet dancer's. Her mind was creative. She did many things for me. I know I let her down when it came to being a man for I would bend my head when she would come to me and her tears would fall for the misery that had been cast upon us, the curse of men ruled into us. And I at the time had no divider. A divider of becoming a man in mind, and giving moral support to a woman, in the sense that woman came from man. This I know now is what really let her down. Wherever she is, I know she would have to love me. For my love for her is very strong in the creative way.

This must not sound like an apology, especially if her eyes are ever to read this, for I feel I am in the air about her wherever she is. And this is all I want her to feel. If this were ever brought forth and laid upon the table. There can only be one way a judgment is made. Now maybe she will have a feeling of spirit rather than someone who used to cry when she cried.

twelve

Last night I was by the Coffee Time downtown off Market Street. It's a Sixth Street donut hangout, where almost all of the sidewalk motorcycle riders imitate us to the best they know how. Loitering guys and chicks make frowning faces at all the passerbys until a Hell's Angel happens to show up and they fall right in line like tin soldiers in a toy shop. It was a Tuesday night. I rolled up, skidding to a stop. The place was about half jammed with faces that made my stomach roll over. I just about missed one Daly City Angel, who was over in a far corner with his hands full of titties. It was Tom, a new member. Grabbing at this chick, who had long black hair that reached all the way down to her ass—one that we had just recently turned out—kind of from the

nympho set, she was willing all the way. I then heeled and turned and went in to say hello to him, and asked if anyone else had been by. In a few short words I let him know that I was going to leave my bike while I looked for something to watch in the way of a movie.

I felt like a James Bond in the hobo jungles as I walked down Market Street, the way everybody gawked. Tourists jamming their cameras trying to get a picture of me. I walked in a couple of theaters. Not liking the atmosphere I came back out going the other direction on Market Street for far down the street I saw a movie I wanted to see. It was near the hour of twelve, and everything was kind of closing up except to my far left the hotdog stand which sold shitty hamburgers so I went back there. Inside Warren, Bob, and Tom—all members of my chapter—stood each of them having at least three broads hanging from them. It was ancient Babylon in the twentieth century. As I walked in, this broad Dusty came dancing towards me. I said, "Stay away from me or I'll puke all over you." I told the guy at the stand, "Gimme a hotdog with ketchup and mustard."

My three Angel brothers in their riding glory, sparkled in love with themselves knowing all the fine women of this hotdog street were making a play to get home on the back of their gleaming choppers.

Warren whispered a few words in my ear asking me to take this broad Carol home with me. He didn't know what to do with her. He said he'd worked her to death lately and she needed a rest. Carol in her short choppy hair looked like a butch crossed with a nymphomaniac. She looked as though she had about three sets of glasses on. Underneath em I checked with my three-dimensional vision that there was a good-looking face. I almost wanted to reach over and jerk the glasses off and stomp on em. As my eyes strained hard to see her shape she came up off the wooden bench she was sitting on. I then could see and picture her slim figure and tell that her ass could twitch. I told him, "Yahhh, I'll take her home. I've got to be going soon, anyway."

The broad had a good sense of hearing. She stepped closer to me, saying, "I'm ready to go. I'd like to leave here, anyway."

I said, "All righty let's get into the night."

Crossing the room with my eyes once nodding goodbye, good night and all that, I went out and kicked over and roared off into the night.

The broad held onto me tight telling me she was high on acid and would like to ride all night long. It was a warm night for November first. We stopped one time for a tank of gas. Riding the lines in between the cars we made our way zigzagging through the Mission District. All the houses and

buildings in the Mission District are two and three-story flats, apartment houses, wall to wall leaving no space except for alleyways. We finally rounded the corner on Dolores, then Church, and then Sanchez and on to Twenty-fifth to where I was encamped in my basement apartment.

There we were at home. I told her to light the candle and I read some poetry for her. I really don't want to go into the names of who and the poetry of mine. She dug it or else she was a good pretender. She said she didn't want to sleep. I said, "We'll see what happens." We then got nude. And both had satisfied minds to find that neither was embarrassed. We danced a little hootchy-kootchy to the music on the radio, and I swore at the commercials, because my record player was in the shop being worked on. Halfway into bed we had already started making love. She was all right, no better than I expected because I'm no better than I expected. But it was terrific above all. I know that Satan enjoyed it while he watched us. For some reason I've lost my feelings. I've gone through this change—the word that describes it doesn't come to my mind now—but I do not enjoy women the way I used to. I feel as though I would enjoy knowing others to get the pleasure I used to get. For when I'm finished I'm finished. I wanted to strangle her right there in my bed and then go to sleep. So the outcome was a very light sleep once I did doze off. I could feel every nerve twisting in her body. I rose one time to turn the radio down lower—not asking her for she was dead to me. I told her to be quiet—don't say another word. I turned my pole lamp towards the bed so it could be well seen. The triple lamps with the skull that blazed into the darkness of the night with its red, yellow and green laminating the room, taking her breath away the first time she noticed the skull. I jerked a cigarette from her mouth, saying, "She doesn't need to smoke any more." She started to say something. I said, "Tut. Shut, or you'll be up there in a moment like the skull." In horror she squirmed, as I pounced upon the bed biting her upon one of her bare tits. Running my tongue between her tits and up to her throat where I made an eerie little screeching sound as I pretended to bite her throat, "DEATH OF DARKNESS TO YOU," as my hands trembled on her temple. "But I'll let you pass," as I raked my hand through her legs and across her twat. I then licked my finger and rolled over. HBAHH!

As I lay in the nude with her the only thing on either of us was around my neck, my triple triple eucalyptus beads that hung around my neck with my circle leather patch of black. She asked me a question why I did not have my colors on—after saying I usually wore them. I said, "You shouldn't have asked, I have needles inside of my collar. Do you want to be stitched and sewed?" I then reached for

them which were laying next to my head. She cried, "No! no! Tell me more about the beads."

"The beads," I told her, "have been with me a short time. Only sixty years I've had them. I know you don't believe me. You're not supposed to. I just received them the other night. You see that poster . . . You look at it. Don't look at the beads because they're liable to start talking to you." I repeated in a couple of short words making a chill run through her body. In my mind I knew if I could get her icy enough maybe I could make love to her again. My tongue sprang out from between my lips making a long hissing sound. She chilled right into a fever. I said, "Do you remember the boa constrictor I was talking about at the hotdog stand?" Not a word did she say. Scaring her to death, I said, "Yes! The one that wraps around." Then I crossed my chin around her neck squeezing her tight. She went into such fear that she became happy. Then from the radio the song, "Everyone Has Gone to the Moon," began playing. I said, "Do you know where we're at?"

She said, "Make love to me."

In a rage I said, "YOU bitch," and I turned cold and rolled over and listened to the music, interpreting what somebody had not even tried to lay down. So I slowly went into a light sleep. Sometimes during the night, as I would roll over face up, I would see her to my left, laying with her eyes wide open as if she were dead. This helped me to go back to sleep. She wanted to go for a walk one time. I said, "Go. Lock the door behind you."

I don't like women. I despise them. I no longer try to please women. I'm mad if they're around for very long. I feel as though I could call them in and dismiss them. My dreams go back to ancient Babylon. In description of the sign 666, which is the mark of the beast. Thus the mark of a man. And furthermore it is the mark of Satan. All men who wore the 666 tattooed upon their forehead or on the palm of their right hand possessed all of the women in the fields of prostitution and sex and lust and all the riches and merchandising was theirs. In ancient Babylon all the men sang a song, and as they sang the song, only they could understand what the song said. Anyone who listened to the song who did not have the mark of the beast on them could not learn the song or understand it. Through an act of God they were destroyed.

The sign 666 to me means, in my words, a follower in the sense of Hell's Angels. Nearer to Satan than the average normal human being can be. I feel as though I am part of him. I seek to find and know a lot of what no one has known yet. I feel as if I know things that no one else knows. Things that have no words. Thus I'll have to make

the words up. They should all be written in scarlet. One thing that gave me a lot of the determination I just described was a black mass I went to on Halloween, All Hallows Eve, which took place at the Wax Museum. In the darkness of flaming scarlet a magician performed a hellish ritual, that dates back through thousands of years of devil-like ceremonies sacrificing a beautiful maiden. The people that witnessed this black mass were all of a high social standing. It was no joke. One Greek lady I can still remember with her long reddish-like hair and her fiery eyes. I wished I could remember every word, word for word, of the ancient old tongues that were spoken and quoted and read from a paper by the magician who performed the ceremonial black mass.

We stood in a V-like entrance to an altar, like two hallways coming together in the shape of an arrowhead. At the point was an altar that the magician stood over. About four people helped the magician in the ceremonies—assisted him as he read and rang bells—waved a wand, pulled the sword. I stood behind him, entranced in amazement at the donging and the clanging of the bell as he read the weirdlike words. Ootey brootay, and all like that, and then he drew the sword and thrust it through the maiden in the ritual of ancient times. And there was no blood except in the imagination. Her eyes dazed into a stare upwardly in the smouldering cave, and the smoke that bellowed the weird incense. To my left, wax mummies were robbing graves. All the heroes of night were there in the form of wax. Directly behind the Scarlet Lady was Frankenstein in the broken-down lab set. To my right a maiden in silky blond hair that I could smell, all of them reeking with lust. Beautiful women —and the magician was like a transformation of Death. Those who worked with him—the man in the long black gown, hooded—I'd seen before in dreams. It was almost as though I could have called out his name for I knew him. There was no time ever to fix a stare on one certain thing. The creaking of a door, and spider webs being spun to the hums of his chant. I could feel my beads sparkling as my lungs filled with soot. As if a sacrifice was being burned. Everything spun in a maze. The bell rung again. Then we all turned and left. I talked to several people who took in the mass with me. I liked them all. The women that were with the caravan that moves across the country were all such rich color as though they had walked directly up from Hell. GRaaaah! We then left though it was early and not late. In darkness I roared into the night. Unfollowed. But yet were all unseen.

thirteen

This is Thursday, September 29th. It is time once again for the weekly meeting of the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club Frisco Chapter. We always hold our meetings on Thursday nights. Most all the other chapters hold their meetings on Friday night. We use Thursday because we want to get a headstart on the weekend. The Frisco Chapter is the most funning chapter of all the Hell's Angels, especially in weekend outings, under our styling and code. The Oakland Chapter is a very business-like chapter. Five years ago, when we were at war with them, we drove them crazy. We would go into the northern and southern resorts and have a softball game while they were hard at work running their show.

After the war was over several of their main officers and strong members would run it down to us how it blew their minds when they heard that we were playin football and swimmin in the nude on some beach near Monterey. They were starved for activities, but they have always been deeply hung up in the American progress of Fortune and Fame. Together we now use it as a strong precision-like movement of a genius chessplayer. It works very well since we have come together in the recently christened California rocker. We have a very weird illiterate way of doing things but we get them done. For instance, tonight I must read the by-laws while all the Frisco members will be screaming and howling and the sergeant-at-arms will be getting drunk. Oakland's meetings are very orderly, but we don't know what the word *orderly* means. Anyone who speaks out of turn in an Oakland meeting without first raising his hand and being given the floor is immediately fined twenty-five to fifty cents—and I mean, brother, they do have to pay it, because this huge bulk of a sergeant-at-arms in Oakland gets completely furiously out of hand if anyone argues. He is quite well known in the newspapers and magazines, none other than Tiny Walters, the giant from Detroit who came West to see what the trip was and never ever bothered about cashing in the rest of his roundtrip ticket. He's been with the Oakland Hell's Angels ever since he hit Oakland. And in death he'll still be swingin their sword until the sun goes down, and then some. He was once accused of breaking a

cop's leg with a coke bottle. This story of the coke bottle came out in the papers at the time the demonstrators marched against Viet Nam. Somehow the Oakland Chapter got on this unexplained red-white-and-blue patriotic trip of smashing the picket lines, and this is where Tiny Walters was supposed to have broken the cop's leg with the coke bottle. This will always, always be one of the biggest jokes among us! Tiny Walters hates coke bottles and he breaks one every time he sees one. With his insane muscular hands he can break legs like we break toothpicks. The way I got the rundown—when the Hell's Angels broke through the picket line the Berkeley heat were on a bummer and started swinging their clubs, cracking the skull of Tiny and finally bringing him down, leaving about a six-inch gash in the top of his head. This could be seen on the front page of all the newspapers—he was raisin up on one elbow with the blood running out of his head and a helmeted cop with what looked like a six-foot-long night stick was straddled acrost him. In the picture it looked like this was the cop who had just belted him. But actually this was an Oakland heat who had come to our beloved Tiny's rescue, and was holding off all the other cops from hitting him again. How's that to set the suburbs straight? Oakland has its little fun games of ripping and romping with the cops quite frequently. But they're very good friends; most all the time they kick the shit out of the heat before the paddy wagon arrives. Real nice though, they never have to go to court. I mean they really got those Oakland cops snowed—eh, Buddy? This is their private fun—they never even let us in on this. Oakland is very fast and hard hitting in a military-like way. Very educated hands and feet. One time a retired general wanted to take the Hell's Angels and train them specially for a guerrilla force in Viet Nam, but the plan fell through. We heard about it one day, then we didn't hear about it again. But what we heard was that a helluva lot of the general's time was spent in running down the trip to who knows who? I never got in on it. I never did like robots anyway. I think the reason why we never did actually go into training as a guerrilla force is because we might bring too much honesty to the war. We might turn it in the direction of a true-winning path. In other words, we didn't fit into the production lines. They don't want someone that's after blood and guts. They just keep inventing words like technicians and yat-ta-dat-ta-dat-dat.

The Viet Nam war trip is to me like a high school graduate trip running a bulldozer in smashing and blowing up machinery. Destruction in metal so that these phonys back home can keep their Du Pont production lines rolling. Every now and then they do sacrifice a few lives to make it look

real. These are my words, because I hate what I can't understand but I know is phony. I have a wandering mind and I am too damn dumb to ever be called something such as a communist—or anything that has to do with bringing the country down. Cause believe me, brother, this country is as down as it is ever going to get. And I'm twenty-four and I just registered to vote.

Now let's pick up the sound tracks on this Thursday the 29th. In a room of a house in a well-kept area is where the Hell's Angels are having their meeting tonight. In the chaos and distortion of shouting and screaming SCREW THOSE ASSHOLES, Filthy Phil slams into one of the pilings almost knocking the roof out, saying, "HEY, YOU KNOW WHAT, SCREW THOSE ASSHOLES ACROSS THE BAY." We all swear and cuss in our closed meetings at the other Angel chapters. We freely curse and swear then because no one is around to hear it except Angels. We love our little game of maneuvering among the chapters, chapter to chapter.

It was time for me to read the bylaws for it hadn't been done in about a month, I heard the sergeant-at-arms (Ray "Howdeedoody" Honn) mumble, slurping a slug of his warm beer, "I ain't heard you read those minutes in so damn long, I don't believe you can read em."

I'm easily worked up in a meeting and I immediately turned on him, screaming. "If you aren't a sorry excuse for a sergeant-at-arms! Off your ass, you drunk, and bring this meeting to order, so I can read the minutes, starting with the bylaws . . . Now listen up, Howdy, you heard these bylaws before I ever come into view, we even got about three more since you cast your No vote on me about four times makin me wait for about six months before becomin a member . . ."

Out of the corner of my eye I catch sight of Phil with a smirky grin. He digs hearing talk about voting No. Filthy Phil has never been known to vote anything but No. He is near forty and refuses to leave the Hell's Angels because he don't like nothing, he don't like nobody. In his three-hundred-pound bulk he roars at least three times during every meeting, "SCREW ALL THESE ASSHOLES EVERYWHERE! YOU KNOW WHAT MY VOTE IS!" At least it makes him smile. He can be terrible when he doesn't smile. In Reno he picked up a cop under each arm and walked them down the street. This was during the riots thrown by the Hell's Angels at the American Motorcycle Association sponsored runs at Reno on Labor Day. Because of people like Filthy Phil there are no more AMA runs on that day. We blew it completely up there. We turned the town upside down. We rode our bikes into the casinos to throw the dice and have a hand of blackjack. We all parked our bikes on the rail-

road tracks near the Reno arch—we thought it was a hitching post we were so jacked up. The train could not go through because of all the motorcycles all over the tracks. It was just a normal day. But those damn Nevadans are sure unhospitable.

Finally we get the attention of the majority and the meeting begins; as the swearing drops to a dull roar I read off Bylaw Number One. Before doing so I shout out, "ALL RIGHT, YOU ILLITERATE SONS OF BITCHES, I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS ANY MORE THAN YOU DO SO LISTEN UP! GODDAMNED IF I'LL GET A WOMAN TO DO THIS FOR ME, ANDY, SHUT UP!

"Pick up, I've got bylaws one through sixteen to read off. I want the undivided attention of every prospective or future prospective in this place"—though there wasn't a one in the room at the time. (The following laws pertain to the Frisco Chapter only.)

BYLAWS

BIKE 1. To be a member a person must own a motorcycle.

I.D. 2. Members and companions must have identification stating they are twenty-one or over.

COLORS 3. Each member may own two sets of emblems, though no one may wear one—without the approval of all other members.

P. MEMBER 4. Prospective members must ride with the club three weeks and be voted on the fourth meeting.

DUES 5. If a member misses four meetings or gets two dollars behind in dues he or she can be voted out of the club. ($1.00 per week voted —7/21/66.)

BIKE 6. A member's bike must not be broken down over thirty days at a time, unless the person is in hospital or jail.

COLORS 7. Any person not an *active* member of the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club caught wearing the emblem will by all means have it forcibly confiscated.

8. Prospective members must deposit $10.00 for their emblems with the treasurer before they can be voted on. ($11.75 per set as of 7/1/66.)

VOTE 9. Voting on members will be by paper.

10. Two negative votes and a person will be

refused membership. (a) There must be over 50% present to vote at the weekly meeting.

RUNS 11. The members will not miss more than four runs in a row or he or she can be voted out.

12. There will be one run once a month that will be a mandatory run. All active members must go on this run or the member can be voted out of the club at the weekly meeting —when brought up by an active member.

LEAVE 13. Members may go on leave by being at a meeting and voted on leave, or by letting one of the officers of the club know; that officer will bring it up at the weekly meeting, and the present active members will vote for decision of leave on that member.

12/30/65 L.T.H.M. 14. Any member who has been in the Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club Frisco Chapter for five or more years and is in good standing with the club can be brought up at the meeting by an active member for lifetime honorary membership: Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club Frisco.

7/21/66 15. Any member who wishes to go on a leave of absence or come off a leave of absence must first pay all back dues and loans owed before he can be voted on or off leave.

VOTING As of 9/22/66 16. Any active member who wishes to run for office will have another member bring his name up at a meeting for whatever office he wishes to run for. There will then be a show of hands by the members for Yes and No. The majority of hands for Yes or No will rule the decision of whether or not there will be a vote by paper for the member running for office.

Look at these ancient pages, in the centuries to come they'll be held and looked at in careful study of the ancient back-alley way of the primitive yet creative masters of rat-packing and tribal ceremony of strength-is-in-numbers . . . None other than the Hell's Angels. In the years to come it will be known as Hell's Angels Motorcycle Club Bottom Rocker Earth. (This is my goal 9/29/66.)

What I want to explain is this—Bylaw Number Six: "A member's bike must not be broken down over thirty days at a time, unless the person is in hospital or jail . . ." This law is swaggered and bent and as far as I'm concerned is bent a little bit too damn far. The reason I ain't ridin today is that the members won't get on my back enough to make me

finish repairing my bike. I am not getting off the point of law, because every Hell's Angel loves to ride his bike. Let me stress this point, the reason we are not all on our motorcycles every time we go to the grocery store for a loaf of bread or a bottle of wine is because of three little letters like c-o-p, f-u-z-z, or the just plain too-much heat!

Many of us—over half of us—have no driver's license, because of the knickhackers in white shirts in the DMV, Department of Motor Vehicles, in Sacramento, and the blue-bellied cops, that cause all the distortion of smell within the boundaries of the state. All of this cesspool gang plays crossword puzzles with our names. Tryin to check us out, tryin to work a perfect freeze out against any member having a driver's license. I tell you one of these days we're going to get mad and go back to those chariots and we're goin over the walls of that capitol in Sacramento.

fourteen

The sandman draws circles, as singers and poets gather tonight under a searchlight for guidance. The trees which surround this garden-like college spring their flavors and smells of green leaves. As my poet Michael says—"All of the birds and beasts were there." The date is 10/1/66. We have before us all the eyes of those who have come to enjoy and give joyously to one another the mindwaves of their recent escapades into the hollowness of the night. THIS IS AT SAN FRANCISCO STATE COLLEGE—THE SCENE IS KNOWN AS AN *ACID* TEST.

An acid test is mainly made up of students, teachers, writers, poets, artists, critics, and whatever else one might find in the circle of creativeness outside the teenyboppers that have shown up also. This is on the Saturday night and all the college buildings are lit up and left open. One building—the gymnasium—is used for the acid test. In the center of the gymnasium floor there is a bandstand, open on two sides. Scaffolds are built throughout the gymnasium, where people stand working projectors that play technicolor films against the ceiling in all beauty of violets and purples and reddest of ruby reds. And on the bandstand this night taking turns were the Grateful Dead and Mimi Fariña. It is very dark in here because the only lights are technicolored film

projections and the oscillating lights and the tangos of color that blow across the ceiling as visions of the sky being on fire in robes of purple.

The Grateful Dead, their hair hanging below their shoulders, all five of them twanging and twonging on their guitars amplified into the pitch darkness of this night, singing of the midnight hour. The audience swirled and milled about. My mind was ripping on LSD as many minds were for this was an acid test. During a test like this the senses of man are keened and picked up to the utmost. As I looked about in my wild vision, knowing that my eyes were the keenest sense in my body, the ceiling above told me: this is why you are an artist.

As I looked into the faces of those about me, I saw many cracked and hissed while many ivory-like eyes and shadowed meat-like faces swirled in front of me showing their gypsy souls. No one stood alone under this wide wingspan, for there was a group for everyone. There were in all six groups, each group having its belief—right or wrong, each group saw itself as right. And I saw good in the group that I was in . . . that group of gypsy souls in their meat-like value.

As Mimi Fariña's voice wailed into the night and the sounds of a thousand autoharps rang through the wingspan, only smoke drifted away from all these beautiful brown-skinned people. I can't describe it; I'm not about to ever try to describe it.

At one time during the night, I walked up to the band, the Grateful Dead, as they wailed the song, "The Midnight Hour." I looked into my right palm and I lifted my left hand into the air pointing a finger at the ceiling skyward, meaning to bring no alarm in the mind of anyone, but the guitars did stop and their voices choked on their words. When I brought my hand back down there was a brief silence in the confusion. The leader in the band then said, "Let us begin again as we were before we were so rudely interrupted by an act of God." This I did not understand at the time but as the music broke back in and the red rubies pitched and swirled in color, I saw the smiles upon the faces of the beautiful gypsies which our souls will remain always. Then we went sparkling and swirling and danced on through the purple darkness letting the oscillating light work like a crystal ball. Soon there would be a hush before the swirling autoharps would break the silence and Mimi Fariña would again sing her lovely ballads of times without reason and roads in and out of Reno to the wars to be soon forgotten.

I found myself walking beneath the trees and across lawns and giving out acid which belonged to me no more than it belonged to anyone. What's really happening is that I hung up my connection—just ninety dollars worth of acid;

but before the morning hours you can damn well bet everyone got on for many other medicine men also wheeled about likely country doctors, all holding different capsules in rainbow colors. I remember telling many seekers, "Always remember the orange ones—they're mine. I know there's greens and blues and purples, pinks and little yellow ones—all little like mine—but mine are the orange ones, the kind that lift you off the ground real slow and take you off into the heavens of color. Above all they're Heavenly."

The night brought many smiles. It also brought me to the college radio station. As I approached the doorway my acid mind was running wild. A page in a black cap was leading me. Half his face was painted black and the other half white. This guy is a warlock—a witch—I thought. We walked through the swinging doors, and there in front of me, sitting on a stool with an electric guitar plugged into a large amplifier with wires running all over the floor and around his head and across the floor and around other people, set none other than the god of LSD on the West Coast—Ken Kesey, who is now at large after fleeing the country because of marijuana charges. This is the novelist of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* whose pad in La Honda I've talked about, the one who wired up the hills of San Mateo County, who's wired up the whole West Coast. The one the Federal Government has got an indictment out against. They had news of him, I heard once, of being in Mexico, in the Puerto Vallarta jungle where no man can go except by speedboat. But there he sat. The last time I had seen him was when he was crawling down off a scaffold during one of the first acid tests ever given. At that time his head was shaved, he had just been busted and was out on an appeal bond. This god of LSD was now sitting on this stool, with a pair of earphones across his neck, twanging away at a guitar and quoting weird poetry into the night, all lit up by the electricity of this neon room, surrounded by so many windows and blinking things that said ON THE AIR, ON THE AIR . . . The men on the other side looked as though they were going crazy trying to transmit. I ran up and hugged him, feeling an immediate charge of electricity surge through me. This god reminds me of a satellite that flies around in the skies. He's so wired up it scares me.

While I was sitting on the floor blowing my harmonica he took his earphones off and raved madly as he walked out of the room: "YOU WHO STAND AND SIT AND CRAWL AROUND AND ABOUT THE FLOOR ABOUT YOU AND ABOVE YOU ON THE CEILING THAT MADNESS THAT'S RUNNING IN COLOR IS YOUR BRAIN!" He went through the swinging doors and I didn't see him again until later. But there was never any time to

talk, not to even mention time in which to say so long, farewell, green pastures again, see you later . . .

I felt as though he were mad because he had not captured my mind, that he had so many million minds that he had captured that not even a smile was left on his face. I placed the set of earphones on my ears and through them came the echoing of wired up instruments and the voice of Ken Kesey speaking to faraway worlds in the universe. "Am I getting through down there? Up there? In miles there aren't numbers enough to measure . . . You out there . . . Among the faraway galaxies running wild . . . Can you see these people in here? Let them see it's their brains projecting onto the ceiling . . ."

I closed my eyes and let my visions blacken and then they swirled in the clouds and I saw visions of my God. The only God. The Creator of Heaven and Earth. Along with Three who worked with him. Four men worked with their hands in the clouds, in the clouds in the Heavens. Their faces were shaped by the stars. One of them was closer to Kesey in his wired-up madness—it would not be right for me to try to go in and explain each God, for I only have belief in one. The Divine Creator of Heaven and Earth. I am of deeply religious value in the sense of reading the Bible and conceiving what is to be handed to my mind by God himself. I, in my LSD temperament at the moment, will do the work that I am put here to do and the Devil or no other hand can stop me because I have seen the almighty light of God and no jack or knave can lead me astray any longer. And there are many like me—there are many of meat and gypsy soul. Let us swirl back into the madness and the beauty and harmony and peace of this acid test. When one false prophet wound up and barked like a snake, using his twisted tongue of dialect, asking me about the Hell's Angels and the peace marchers, I summed it all up: "We're the most illiterate, degenerate bastards that ever walked the face of the earth." His head went down upon the ground in great python rolls and he wound around about a nearby Angel who stood beside me, saying, "Did you hear him say that?"

But the Angel was Papa Ralph and Papa Ralph is true. He said, "That's right."

Papa Ralph is of the Daly City Chapter. He stands about five five. He looks like a strong sturdy husky man from the far far Far East—about as far as you can go. Maybe East of Eden into Nod. His head is bald, and is a golden tan on top except for a batch of hair that runs like a wreath around the sides of his head. He is very wise and the words of a jack or knave cannot lead him astray. I showed him the silver dove pinned on the lower part of my dark faded blue denim jacket which has Hell's Angels inscribed on the back.

I pointed out to him the other corner where I want to put another bird: it's the raven I'm looking for—the shiny coal-black one that flew out of the window first and never came back. He smiled to show he knew exactly what I was talking about. We then went arm and arm into the gymnasium beneath the wide wingspan of humans in their bird- and beast-like explosion of thoughts projected against the ceiling. This was a moment for all to lay out and see the creativeness of mankind to the year and moment.

As Papa Ralph and I smiled into one another's eyeballs I thought of him back in the time of the great War, and at the beginning of the Great War. At that time Papa Ralph was not an Angel, he was running a motorcycle club called the Presidents, who were very close to the Frisco Chapter of the Hell's Angels all through the battles we fought with the Oakland Chapter. The Oakland Chapter numbered as high as a hundred and fifty. At the opening of the war, the Frisco Chapter was giving a dance at the Box Shop, a transmission garage, owned by Frenchy, one of the members. All the cars had been moved out of the garage, the floor had been swept with grease-sweep, sawdust had been thrown all over, and a large smudge pot was set in the middle where it threw its flames and black smoke . . . All the Hell's Angels were present at the dance: Oakland neared seventy in number, and Frisco numbered about twenty, along with such friends as Papa Ralph and the Presidents Motorcycle Club. Draped around each and every Angel were the snake-like chicks which caused the war to break loose in all hell-fire. Into the darkened night the speakers coming out of every corner in the garage wailed long drawn-out ballads and jazz. Then a sparkling chick carved her way like a brunette snake across the floor and draped herself cross-angling Frisco and Oakland. Sparks of vicious madness flew up from both sides as the men clashed, kicking and swinging, spilling blood from the mouths and eyes, bruising groins and smashing skulls. Ralph and Sonny Barger, along with Pete, our president, were there and they know how the redness and fire belched out in the viciousness that started the Great War between the two sides of the Bay.

As each side carried its wounded members to the sidelines the word was WAR! And all through the three years that followed the two chapters fought viciously. One side always cunning to meet the other side in full force but never could we ever meet on a field of battle, both sides in full force. But the plans of war were discussed and laid out in this kind of a pattern. Of the war between Frisco and Oakland: No. 1—No one will go to anyone's house. No. 2—No one will go to a person's place of work or business, with the exception of the Box Shop where the war had started.

In the three years that followed it went like this. There would be quiet afternoons when maybe a Frisco Angel and his wife would be sitting beneath a tree watching their children play. And the screaming echo of motorcycles would roar down upon him and that fine-haired Angel would be yanked from his yard into the street and kicked and stomped in front of his wife and children. It was an unwritten law to never touch an old lady of an Angel or his children.

For instance, one time Pete was in the Bridgeview Bar, near the Box Shop, drinking his wine while two other loose members played a game of pool. It was just a normal foggy sundown day in San Francisco, when suddenly the doors cracked open like thunder and Oakland came rushing in to the number of about thirty-five. Soon they left the few Frisco Angels in a crumpled heap on the floor, mangled into insanity from being kicked. This is what I call a fine Angel—one who has gone through torment and torture like this and still stands among us. Pete knows what I mean, not to mention others.

One time we crossed the Bay in the late hours of the night just before the hour of twelve. Quietly we made our way to a Doggy Diner where we heard that Oakland Angels stopped for their coffee after leaving their bar (which we hadn't located) for the night. We had to be very quick, fast moving in silence, as we closed in on them, which means we were in cars. The large pearl-white Cadillac that I was in was in front of the caravan as it came off the freeway and dipped down the street to the Doggy Diner, and there before our eyes was none other than Ralph "Sonny" Barger standing tall in the parking lot. As I looked into the eyes of the other members I caught a gleam and I could hear the low muffled growls in their throats, for we all knew they had pounced on and beaten our President Pete badly to the ground and in return we wanted Sonny. He stood with his back to us, and to his left was his gleaming hog. To his right was Zorro standing tall, with his gleaming hog behind him. They were sipping away at their nightly cup of coffee before retiring. Near them on the ground sat two long-haired brunettes, both waiting for these Angels to sweep them off into the night and romance them. The excitement built as we wheeled around the block. On the other side of the diner we got out of the car silently. Our hearts thumped with the beat of an Arabian drum as we walked around the corner. Not a word was said as we broke into a fast pace and all twenty-one of us charged down onto the diner. Women grabbed for their children and men in business suits choked on their hamburgers as we rushed into the parking lot. Our blackness clanged like sword on shield as we gave a loud and thundering war cry. But where we had last seen them stand-

ing as we went around the corner there was no one now!

Growls of anger went up into the night. And from a seat inside the Doggy Diner, Zorro came up off his feet, his eyes bulging out of his head like bolts of lightning. Then we swept in on him, pouncing on him, slamming fists, kicking, jerking, yanking his colors off his back. This was a rule of war: Oakland pulled off Frisco's colors and Frisco pulled off Oakland's. By the time we'd get em off the back of an Angel he'd be as drenched in blood as if we'd actually pulled a pair of wings off his back. The face of the lovely blond he'd been sitting beside showed deep horror as she watched us rip away at him. Finally he fell in a heap on the floor and we finished jerking the colors from his back. Some of us had tears in our eyes as we left, for we knew what we had done was not right but that it had to be done. We shed tears of sorrow as well as anger. And angry we remained until talk of peace came soon after this bout. We had taken the wings of Zorro, but we had missed Sonny for he had luckily moved off to a bar just before we rounded the corner, which he treasures to this day as we all now treasure it since the Great War is over.

fifteen

Last night, Wednesday, our president, Pete, called a special meeting of the officers, who are five: president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer and sergeant-at-arms. We had some business to run down concerning *money*. Officer meetings are called on the spur of the moment whenever any problem concerning our chapter comes up. Whenever such a problem rises, the president or any one of the other officers hits a phone and summons the others to a meeting at a designated place.

Last night I left the poet's house and mounted my dull-black-primered chopper, lean and furious looking, just back on the road again after a sitting spell of about two months. Times were rough—it was hard getting parts. I'd just beat a court case, two charges—one of possession of narcotics paraphernalia—by all means, crystal. The meeting place was at the house of Bob McCann, our treasurer. I roared

across Twin Peaks with no lights on, rounding the peak and losing a cop car, then descended down O'Shaughnessy Street that winds into the Glen Park district. As I approached the house I backed off like thunder to let them know I was on my bike and they'd better be on theirs for they had been on my back about getting my bike repaired for two months. Then I screeched to a luggin halt. I cursed and swore loudly as I stumbled up the stairs, raising the hair of the sergeant-at-arms as I burst through the door, my dagger in my hand as my eyes encircled the room. Ray capped on me for being last. I said, "Why shouldn't I be? I'm the youngest. Shows I'm still learning."

Then sheathing the knife, I drew out from under my coat the two books I had brought with me. One was *Paradise Lost* by John Milton, written with the far advanced depth of vision of centuries ago advancing into the centuries of tomorrow, dig. The other book told of the trip of Dante the poet through Hell, Purgatory and Heaven. He who picks these mysteries up and can stay with them will surely gain the farsightedness they give on the importance of what's happening, what has happened and you can goddam well bet is going to happen.

I'm dippin into the middle of John Milton's loss of Paradise, and I've got into about six pages of it that are giving me the rundown on what would not be allowed to be said in the manner of students. Wowwowowow! Dig, this book gave me such a rhythm of words of *my* inborn instincts which gives me the flourish of mind of being reborn. The old one-armed butcher up above curses this book as he smells the bloody burning offerings of his ignorant what he calls sacred *lambs*. Meaning the majority, the Lame.

As I pulled the books before my eyes I checked the chuckles of the other officers and their mindwaves that snapped wondering what kind of sermon they were going to receive this week. "God walketh upon a borrowed throne," were the first words I threw upon the carpet, sending vibrations through Pete's mind. Reading his mindwaves I knew his thoughts were of last week's pregathering of officers when I walked in and so neatly dropped out of my sleeve the Holy Bible and directly from the sergeant-at-arms through to Pete asked four times the four heads of the sacred Seraphim, "Do you have a Bible, Ray?"

At his sarcastic explosion, I repeated with momentum very quickly the words, unrehearsed but jabbing like the cement spines of a country preacher, "Ain't you got no religion, Howdy boy?"

Ray then leveled his mind, knowing well of the mind that had taken over this voooooombarooom Hell's Angel officer

gathering, and he spoke very directly in an unmalicious tone, "Whataya got goin this week?"

"The words of our Father. The one who you so violently stood up for last week when I took a roll call of who owned a Bible. And then our President Pete, at the end of our group therapy session in a very pleased and reassured advancement of what was happening not knowing but knowing and moving with it, slammed his hands down as he addressed first off the vice-president, Bob, saying, "Bob, you're my vice-president, you're my right hand. The times are here when we'll gather like this upon call and I know you're with me," Then he swung his eyes to Bob McCann our treasurer, who set motionless in a ray of positiveness not looking around. Then he leaned forward to Ray, addressing the sergeant-at-arms, linking him with the other three, and then he swung towards me, who sat on his left. His eyes burned into mine and his mouth spoke using words, "And him, we've got to worry about him . . . I don't know what's happening. He's been hitting the crystal too much."

In a split second I cracked up off the floor piercing words so fast in the punch line of my sermon that the officers' circle turned into a state of negativeness towards what I was running down. I spoke and told Pete I had not touched crystal in a week, and thou shalt not lie, playing the role of the cat who runs down stories, which have these little fairytale fronts, and if you don't believe them you'll turn into a snail. Anyway, this night I walked out leaving their minds in an uproar but my own mind was well satisfied. I couldn'ta been more pleased for I could not squeeze one little bit of flavor from any one of the officers concerning the unholy pack of lies that I had just stood and told to find out something that I had to find out. Each officer denied God. And then when I made them repeat the denial they grew violent but their patience with me is always a little bit lasting or I would not be able to run such an indirect but direct calculation of their inbred subconscious minds. I found them all to be of the first order of the Hell's Angels.

We were all advanced now into mind, with the well-educated shield and a well-tempered sword. Now this meeting of the cross-examination brought happiness deep into the eyes of our leader. I wasn't surprised but more amazed than I thought I would be as saw the blood rush to his face in the mind savageness which I knew what I had done and was proud of what I had done. For I used Lucifer, the right hand of God, who is cast out of Heaven upon laying it down the way it was to none other than the first woman. Eve. God had laid it down that this tree in the Garden of Eden with these apples was the tree of life.

The Bible is wrong. The Bible is bad! But it's known to

everyone as good. I can very quickly put the lames who believe in the Bible down in their ignorant place. Now as for the serpent running it down to Eve—of what was really happening—one can see very easily where the psychology and the strategy of Lucifer was the strategy used today in its primary forms. The strategy of God right after he made Adam and Eve was like that of a dug-out out-house blue-nose hypocrite country idiot who walks among all of us today in a suit and a collar. This kind of cat still today tells the ten commandments of God to all the idiots. They are to believe in them and try to follow them, but these are none other than the sins of the one-armed butcher known as God Almighty. I feel very free, double-freewheelin, when I lay it down as a prophet would in saying that God is a killer. God acknowledges and uses fear. You old hypocrites there that yell out the fear of God, Godfearin men, you Abraham imbecile. Here you are in the twentieth century. You ain't wised up a bit. You still stand and take for granted what was what. What was shit! Presented in this book supposedly the word of God Almighty. Dig, my definition of God Almighty is of a back-knifing second-rate cherub. And Satan is cursed because he was knifed in the back while laying it down the way it was and still lays it down one hell of a lot clearer beyond any doubt when weighing the facts. Any fact of God against the facts of Lucifer, who will someday regain his rightful place. A few pages from John Milton's *Paradise Lost* have put me exactly on the positive track that I am following. I am a child of his. I am a Hell's Angel. Along with all the brothers in the Hell's Angels I no longer have to stammer and stutter: I will be able to lay down the trips of the righteousness of Lucifer.

sixteen

I would like to send out some thoughts to my sister wherever she may be. As my mind rings back into the years long ago, I would like very much to get in touch with her with the thoughts of my forward track of today.

My sister to me was everything and still is, in the sense of two who are everything that isn't written in the book of how sister and brother are; though we spent only a few years of our adolescent life together followed by a short year around the ages of 21. I left her in northern California

in the tall redwood country with the drunken insane logger she had married. Wherever she is now I know her mind has rippled along like a brook and has grown into a mighty river on the way. For I remember her as a bubbling spring that came out of the ground and I a but tender youth held her hand and let her lead the way in our years of ten, eleven and twelve. She would often let me drink from that bubbling spring. She made it with many boys while I stood guard and watched. But I know we were both seeds of the weed that goes into the wind and plants a flower that everyone loves and is taught to hate.

We were both taken to Missouri at very young ages, into the Ozarks. There we lived and went to school in a one-room country school. I remember the teacher who stood before the eight grades in a tightened tie and looked over the top of his little round-lensed glasses and spoke with a Sleepy Hollow accent in the days of Rip Van Winkle. I in the first grade, at five years of age, would sit and watch my sister, both of us in our pestiferous attitudes of youth from a broken family. In those days of golden sunshine and the dust-parched back-country roads I walked home with a hot ass from a switch which I had to go out and cut and bring to the teacher because he caught me drawing pictures of hillsides and stones . . . and what-nots that I saw.

Then came the day when my mother of evil—so my grandfather called her because she smoked cigarettes and turned the dance halls into frantic chaos—came into the Ozarks to take my sister away. I guess maybe she had finally sown some excess wild oats and was now comin back for her children. She had come for both of us in a Yellow Cab which had never been into those back hills before, with a drunk Yellow Cab driver. The whisky odors in the car fumed like incense as my gray-haired grandfather of hard-rock country religion approached. He immediately blew his cap and began cursing and swearing and went and got my sister but would not let me go. This tore my mind and left me in a mangled state of confusion as they drove off down the road. I stood in the driveway as the Yellow Cab disappeared. All I had now was my turtle with a string around his neck and a lot of tears running out of my eyes. I went into a great rage as the sun went down, and as the tears dried I felt as though my eyes would never close again, because I knew I had been left out while my mother and sister were screaming towards something I wouldn't get to see. These were a few of the first trials of being born just a little off of the inbetween of what a horoscope fortunteteller might run down to make clear.

Oh, sister Darlene, wherever you are
How do your fingers curl and draw shadows?

What are your messengers?
No one knows where you are
Do you know
Where is Daddy?
Have you found our Father yet?
He's sure been with us a long time
He's let us come through in a slow perfection
Processed like a great wine cellar
Who are you let drinking yours now?
I remember the last time I heard your voice
It was in one of those
Saturday afternoons in the rain
Remember when you spoke from the East Bay
And I gave you visions and directions of how to find me?
You must have took the wrong turn on that freeway
But I know from the words
Of confused conversation
That we are both
Still abrewin

Remember the deserted baseball park in Centralia, in the state of Washington, where our dad lives? He's a railroad man near retirement now. I lost contact, sister, about three years now. It's been three years since I talked to you. That's when I was married. That's when you weren't married. I'd heard you left a bunch of justices of the peace in a state of nervousness after your husband blew his mind and went to that eastern mental ward. Have you been performin or not? I've never been back to the state of Washington in the eight years since I left there paroled to you and your just about insane husband. You still warm my heart when I think about how ya took me out of that ink blot test rehabilitation reform school where I spent years thirteen to seventeen. And you likewise spent your youth in the one at Grand Mound, just east of Centralia, while I was west. But that foggy afternoon in the years of ten, eleven and twelve in that old gray deserted grandstand where all the baseball players had left behind their Mudville echo and nobody would go but us to give rundowns and renditions of the times we would parlay, though we had minds of just a few words we did get em down and we got across in a double thousand-year-old sense of man and woman.

Yeah, that little town in Washington where you got to first and then I arrived inbound on that train just about a year later and you'd already got the town going—the police department knew you quite well for wearin two different kinds of high heels and borrowing purses from the Ladies

Auxiliary at the Elks Club. Your laughter still will echo into the night. Your smile still spins a crystal circle as it comes through as crystal now. Hmmmmmm.

They did not like us, the little town fathers that presented themselves in a boredom of judges. They ran us both out. They told you they didn't like thirteen and fourteen-year-old girls who came into their small town dating niggers and you answered saying, "I'm going to marry him and I'm going to have a baby, and he's going to be blacker than any baby that ever was born." The citizens of the village were stacking wood for a fire, but in the end the reform school solved the issue.

I'm going to look back in vision right now at that quiet little town that had its hitching rails restored like little statues of its monumental backwardness. And the statue of a soldier in the park in the center of the town near the library tries to put over some kind of story about the union of men called the Wobblies, who had rebelled and shot down about four soldiers in an afternoon parade for treading on their sacred hall trying to pull their covers and there was no covers to pull except for those who held hands inside. To draw the line of conclusion of understanding, the Wobblies like many other groups of men who have started forming were not liked by the invisible evil that lurks mainly in the daylight hours. Too bad the soldiers didn't have their parade at night—maybe a few more of them would have hit the concrete. This is the way the old hobos down on the railroad in their cardboard jungles among the blackberry vines run it down.

The little town of eight to twelve thousand, thanks to the highway and the railroad, was of true bluenose value. Very narrow minds. These cats did not believe in anything other than *do not think, do not, do not, do not* . . . And if you did do, you'd better get ready to run. In other words, the whole town lay in a state of complete fear and looked up to fear and feared anyone who didn't know fear. That's why we ain't there any more.

Locust and Main streets run through the center of the town, and the schoolhouses still standing on their first sites of cement architecture are still being remodeled like all the other buildings in their old shells, and the same people still roam the streets going to and fro. The sons have their hair cut in the style of their fathers, and the girls fashion their hairdos in the same pattern as their mothers. Thus nothing changes. There's always the mother and the father, and the frenzied state of fear, and thinkin that they got it made and ain't going for nothing else.

seventeen

I'm lucky I didn't completely blow these sessions, Michael. Because I was so sure of going somewhere on what I was picking up that I was rattling off like a kettle with a steam whistle on it and then came the day—that I turned around and looked at the hearth and its glowing embers and that big pot bubbling as the fire roared and I knew, and I know now that it is the way it is. I have got a lot to learn—I realize this more. And anyone who thinks they ain't got a lot to learn I wish they would come and talk to me. The satellites whistle around trying to seek what's up yonder but right down here below is where the thought whirls around in the minds of how it really is.

It all started the thought of learning and finding out that I hadn't learned and wasn't going to learn with this crack in the form of shit that I had been screwing with. Yet a lot of it was good, but I wasn't seeing it. I was putting ink blots over the top of the good, thinking that this trip that men hand to one another was the trip I had to learn but then I found out it's the trip of what *men* hand to one another is what counts. And there I was sitting on the floor writing down "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" at the same time with a pair of earphones plugged into a large stereo amplifier. The hour was deep into the night, three o'clock, as I wrote the words and listened intensely swelling on a capsule of LSD in a state of all alone while the house was sleeping. The thought crossed my mind, "What a good time to apprehend, seems like that apprehension and thought soaks much better during the night than in the daytime." Now I knew it did for suddenly this perking feeling came over me that was not supposed to be as far as the one in command would say.

Then I felt the blood as it ran through my veins. My position of coldness in a warm depth was a state of my mind. And I said to myself, "Why does this feeling come over me?" And at the same time an answer came that it was not of my conscious formula that I had laid out. But the subconscious formula which is the true one now seeped from my mind and spoke to me—which is none other than Satan

himself. As I asked in wonder and amazement at the weird feelings that I was growing to like and love it had the pureness in depth and the pureness in color. The scarlet red and the smoky blacks chanted to me in one voice and brought forth what was really there all the time. And it said, "Lay down that goddamned hammer and pick up your mind. And rise up and look in."

So that I wouldn't think that I was completely insane knowing completely what it meant, my first reaction was, I rose off of the ground and looked into the mirror and it was beautiful too. But that wasn't what the trip was and I knew it. And the voice again said, "Very good. But you know you shouldn'ta got up." For then as I looked into the mirror a dream came into vision of who knows how long ago. I looked into the eyes in the mirror knowing that nobody else will get to see em. And not even I would give em a free pass by trying to paint a picture. So I got back down on the floor and dipped back into the inkwell and started writing the words of the flowing depth of my mind, my subconscious working conscious. Loose would no longer be loose. But it would have that Lucifer quality.

For the rest of let's say an eternity—what better word?—I did want right then the book that I had just received as a present from the poet Michael McClure, a treasure I knew it would be: *Paradise Lost*—John Milton. For I'd only read approximately six verses in it and I knew that it was only in the minds and the hands of the rightful ones.

The Hell's Angels in their ghostlike timeless years of foreverness—now in my mind we are all standing burnt and scorched like comets but we are forever forever lasting, Angels, forever forever lasting. That was from my subconscious state of mind—Angels forever forever lasting. But it well deserves what it says for that is the way it is.

Those of you out there who think you know how it is and got it made better join in remembering you got a lot to learn and hope that you got something that will react one of these sun-and-moon day-and-night trips that you live in and sleep in. And remember those little commercials on the radio that have value in them though there are few. If you're going to listen to the radio listen to the saints and those little prophecies as they come rippling through. For every now and then they do lay one down and there ain't no broadcasting system that can turn em off. I know now and it sure is double-good to know there is and always will be a good evil.

There are all kinds of jamming little waves and jynxes and hoaxes and spells and how to bring up demons and more power to em. And there they go and here they come. And look out the saints are coming through and I do have my moments of confusion of little jynxes that are being thrown

from somewhere like a rain of fire from a small trip in some way but it's that off-and-on trip that can't last long. And there is a great mind defense for it now in the sense of confidence, as Michael says, SPEED, DETERMINATION AND POWER . . . One two three. As I run into another one of those little flurries being thrown into me. My motorcycle certainly conked out on me as I was going up the Clipper Street hill at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon. I was headed with my books of Dante and Milton for the Museum of Natural History and the De Young Museum, in Golden Gate Park, where I would try to gather any expressions of that day that might linger there where these two places of knowledge stand among all the trees where the good evil lies. When all of a sudden out of that one o'clock afternoon my motorcycle choked up, halting me but giving me a nice long hill to coast back down to the garage where I started from. That was the only good that I could see out of whoever cracked a spell and put out my engine for I thought it was my head that had blown and this made me furious. I swore and cursed loud at all the children on the street, making the mailman stop for me as I crossed in front of him. Then I got off my bike, closed the garage door, and went back to my room, not looking back at my coal-black lean furious monster, which had had so much trouble getting his life brought back into him.

Inside I turned on the lights and lit the candles and stood and looked in rage into the mirror and picked up and read some of Milton's darkest hours. Then I wrote a poem short but direct to him wherever he might be in his soul value. Finishing I laid the pen down and saw it was near the hour of seven and I had to go to the phone in the garage and tell Michael of the little jynx that had been thrown at me while trying to make a profitable day of it. His voice was very good to hear for it was in good humor as I picked up the vibrations and tried to spin out what had been done. As I spoke to him I looked across the garage floor and there the chrome gleamed off the dark black primer. As it sparkled and I listened to him talk, a thought loomed and I told him I'd try to get a ride, saying goodbye, then I reached for the nine-sixteenths-and-a-half-inch wrench that adjusts the solid push rods on my monster, that wanted to breathe again. And sure enough as I lifted the chrome and spun the pushrods spin it did for it was so loose that it was making the loud clank that echoed through my engine giving the impression that it was the valve in the head getting ready to blow. Fuck it! I'm no mechanic so I won't even try to explain it. I like to think of my motorcycle as Milton's reflected vision of a *sturdy chariot led by fiery steeds*. Then I quickly adjusted the pushrod and dropped the cover back down and replaced

the clamp, flicked the switch giving it the spark and with one thrust brought the rhythm of get sick get well back into my long furious fiery steed of a hog—known to the Hell's Angels as a chopper . . .

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